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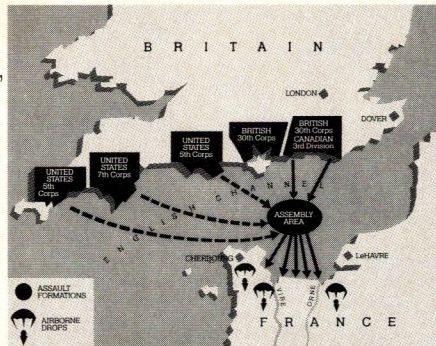
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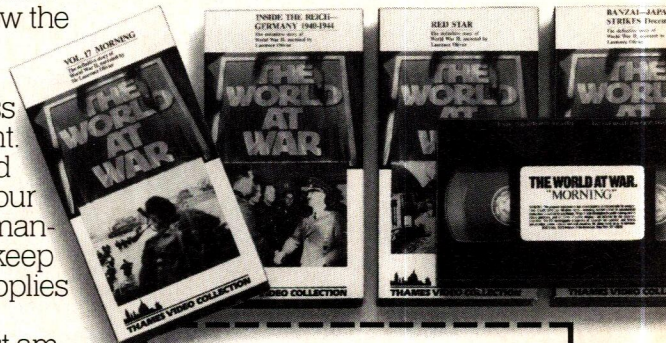
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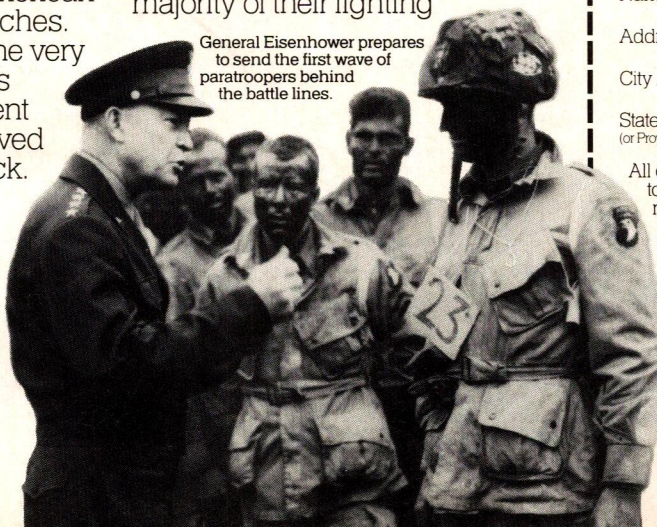


"By this time, the waves were pitching the craft up and down six or seven feet...Smoke, smoke. Awesome black smoke. I didn't think I would make it. I didn't think there was any way that you could get across the beach and survive."

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MILITARY HISTORY™



COVER: British infantry advance under fire in 1914, shortly before bogging down in the miserable stalemate of trench warfare. On July 1, 1916, a titanic offensive was launched along the Somme River to break the deadlock (story, Page 26). ABOVE: As British troops—acting on information from a double agent among the rebels themselves—march on Concord to capture a store of arms from restive colonists, hostilities break out at Lexington Common on April 19, 1775 (story, Page 10).

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On the first day of the Battle of the Somme, ordered ranks stepped out into interlocking fields of fire...and simply kept on stepping out as those in front invariably went down.

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By David K. Snider and William R. Brooksher

While Gettysburg took fire and blazed up, Robert E. Lee kept looking for his cavalry screen and its colorful leader, "Jeb" Stuart. Where was he? Busy, is where.

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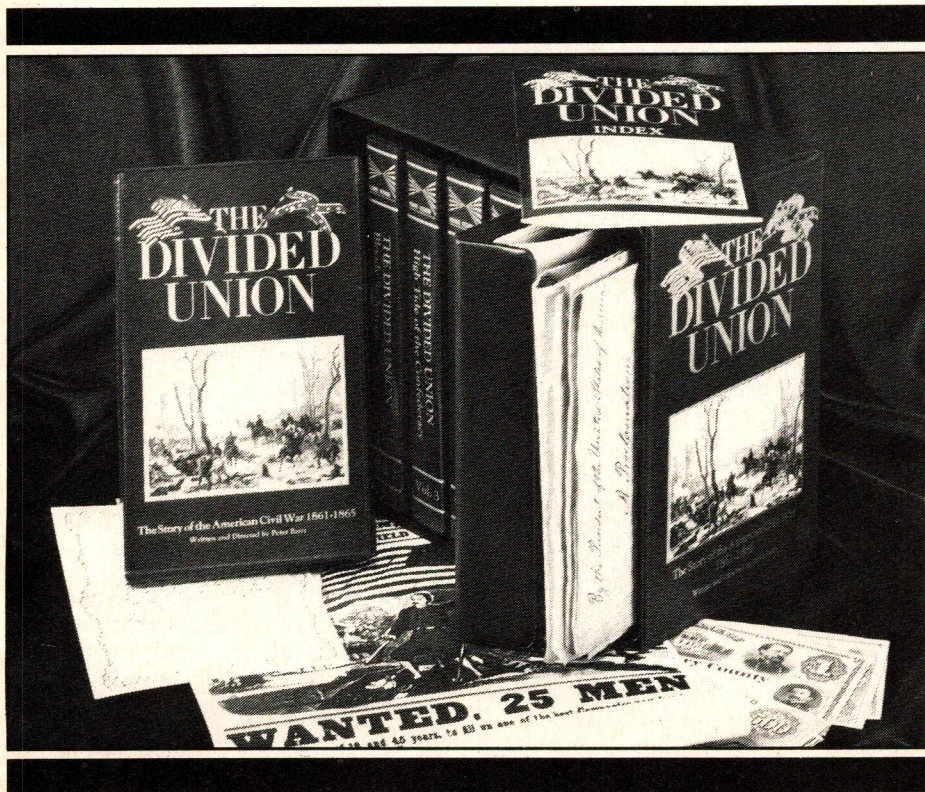
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High Drama at Sea

Weeks of waiting led to days of uninterrupted battle.

For U.S. Navy Ensign Gerhart S. Suppiger, Jr., convoy duty in May of 1942 did not begin auspiciously. First, one of his nine gun crewmen was hospitalized after he injured his hand carrying a box of supplies. Next, the captain of their merchantman, the SS *Santa Elisa*, went ashore, too ill to carry on.

Then, after largely uneventful days crossing the dangerous North Atlantic (one near-collision in the fog and two U-boats sunk by escorts), the *Santa Elisa* laid up for 46 wearisome days at Newport, England, twice on-loading, then off-loading various war cargo.

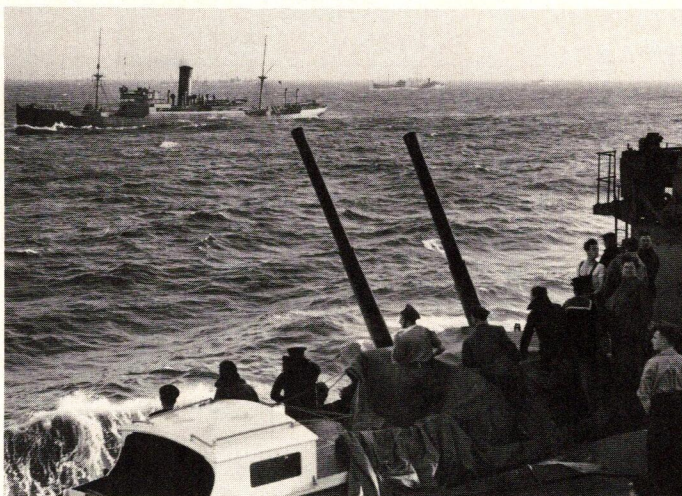
Clearly, larger events were in store for the young ensign and the men of his U.S. Navy Armed Guard—those often forgotten, unsung sailors who manned the few guns aboard merchant ships against enemies ranging from commerce raiders (related story, Page 8) to U-boats and aircraft. (Nearly 145,000 Navy men performed this high-risk duty aboard 6,236 ships during World War II, with 1,810 lost, or one out of every 185 men setting sail.)

Finally, her armament significantly boosted, the *Elisa* joined a convoy of 12 cargo ships and two tankers escorted by a virtual armada—two battleships, eight cruisers, five carriers, a flotilla of destroyers. The *Elisa* had become a part of the Royal Navy's Operation PEDESTAL, with embattled Malta in the Mediterranean as destination.

The *Elisa* left port in Scotland to join the convoy on August 2, 1942. Eight days later, the convoy safely passed through the Straits of Gibraltar (with one aircraft carrier peeling off there), and at 9 the next morning PEDESTAL's ordeal began.

The action opened with two bombing attacks 30 minutes apart. One of the cargo ships went down. At 10:30, one of the aircraft carriers was struck by three torpedoes. "She sank in seven minutes."

The convoy proceeded as its escorts



A convoy steams for Malta, guns raised against air attack. The merchantmen's Armed Guard also had to be ready for submarines, surface ships or torpedo-armed Italian MAS (E-boats).

accounted for two enemy submarines. That evening, though, fresh waves of German aircraft damaged a destroyer and sank two more of the merchant ships. The *Elisa* sailed on.

The next day, August 12, was a continual nightmare—action stations all day long. Wave after wave of Stuka dive-bombers, Junkers and Heinkel bombers struck, along with Italian torpedo planes. Another Royal Navy carrier was hit and left behind enveloped in smoke and fire. Of the escorts, all but two cruisers and a "few destroyers" stayed behind, too. Intelligence had reported the Italian fleet might sally forth to engage the British battle fleet.

As the diminished convoy pressed on, the air and submarine attacks continued. One of the two remaining cruisers, HMS *Manchester*, went down. At 8 p.m., another freighter was sunk by dive-bombers. The hour of 9 o'clock brought "the most concentrated attack of all." Three more merchantmen went down, with "sticks" of bombs narrowly missing the *Elisa*, and not for the first time.

At this point, the convoy remnants scattered, and after two near-collisions in the dark, the *Elisa* had a choice between sailing alone past coastal batteries and an Italian E-boat base, or chancing a known mine field to the west. "We decided to

risk the mine field instead of the others," wrote Suppiger in a later report.

At 3:30 the next morning, however, a speedy E-boat found the *Elisa* anyway. In an exchange of machine-gun fire, it was driven off, but then a second E-boat appeared, and this one soon was able to launch torpedoes. At 5:05 a.m., "there was a terrific flash and explosion forward."

With the ship "burning furiously," the crew took to the sea. Survivors were rescued about two hours later by a destroyer. At 7:30 a.m., a new wave of dive-bombers dropped from the sky and sank the *Elisa*.

Upon finally reaching Malta two days later, the Americans learned that five of the original 14 merchant ships had run the gauntlet. While Ensign Suppiger's contingent and others had lost their ships, a vitally needed few had survived one of the entire war's most difficult convoy operations.

Not all Armed Guard duty would be so hazardous (on a good day), but the danger was constant enough to produce the high casualty rate for such a small percentage of the U.S. Navy's 3.4 million sailors of the WWII era.

Nonetheless, "we aim to deliver" was the Armed Guard's motto, and in more ways than one, they did.

(Note: Former Armed Guards looking for their own veterans' association should get in touch with Charles A. Lloyd, 5712 Partridge Lane, Raleigh, N.C., 27609-4126.)

C.B.K.

Note to readers: In response to popular demand, our sister publication *Vietnam Magazine* will be going from quarterly to bimonthly publication as of its next issue. *Vietnam* covers the military events, weaponry, fighting forces and personalities of the war in SE Asia.

MILITARY HISTORY™

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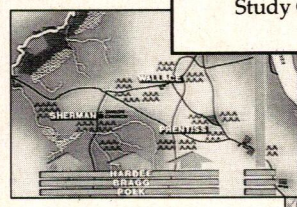
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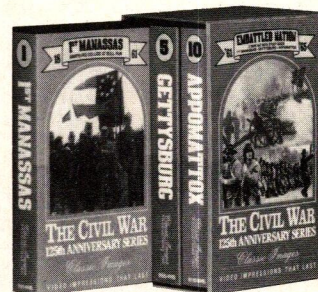
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Death of the Hokoku Maru

Japan's effort to emulate the German raiders was not successful.

By Jon Guttman

Although commerce raiding by means of disguised armed merchant ships during World War II is associated most closely with the Germans, they were not alone in such activity. Another combatant nation that tried its hand at it was Japan, although her effort was token and halfhearted compared with Germany's finely coordinated campaign.

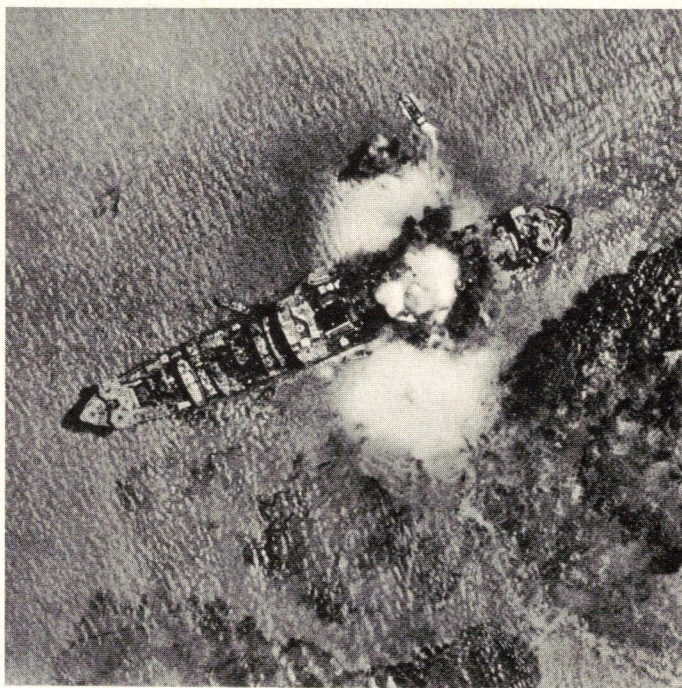
The brief career of the *Hokoku Maru* typifies Japan's anti-maritime strategy, although its end was exceptionally dramatic.

The Japanese at first had little interest in a shadowy sideshow war of the trade lanes. Indeed, to enter that fray was to tacitly acknowledge the possibility of a protracted war of attrition—a war that even the most optimistic of Japan's war leaders suspected she would lose.

Even so, the Japanese did convert no less than 14 merchant ships into commerce raiders, not so much as a menace to the commerce of their British enemies, but rather as counters in bargaining with their German allies.

By 1941 the Japanese, like everyone else in the world, had heard of the far-ranging exploits of Germany's sea raiders, whose depredations—in both world wars—had reached into the Indian Ocean. Japan felt it necessary to maintain a presence of her own there against the day that she and Germany should find themselves negotiating the boundaries of their respective empires.

The issue of operational areas in the Indian Ocean was in fact the subject of discussion as early as December 17, 1941, between the Japanese naval attaché in Berlin and the Chief of Staff, *Oberkommando der Marine* (OKM). The Japanese proposed a line set at 70 degrees east latitude to delineate the operational limits for the two navies; the Germans sought a diagonal line running roughly from



After some success in the spring of 1942, Japan's armed merchant cruisers found themselves often on the receiving end, as with this vessel sunk by Allied aircraft on February 27, 1943.

Aden to Australia. Eventually, the Japanese proposal was agreed upon, subject to change as situations required.

By May of 1942, the realities about maintaining their presence in the Indian Ocean were sinking in among the Japanese admiralty. From May 1942 on, it was clear that the Japanese fleet would have to concentrate on eliminating the U.S. Navy in the Pacific, and relegate the Indian Ocean to a much-reduced priority. Under those circumstances, the sort of nuisance tactics used by the Germans looked more attractive.

Like the Germans, the Japanese combined the use of raiders and submarines in their campaign, but their effort was planned—typically—in the manner of a fleet operation, lacking the wide-ranging scope and the flexibility that made the German raiding campaigns so long-lived and successful. The Japanese submarines and the two not-so-very-disguised raiders that entered the Indian Ocean in May 1942 may as well have been the carrier task forces that had struck there

during March and April.

The guns on the Japanese merchant cruisers varied from 4.7 to 5.5 to 5.9 inches. Some carried one or two seaplanes, and three—*Bangkok Maru*, *Kinjosan Maru* and *Saigon Maru*—also carried mines. The 10,439-ton *Hokoku Maru* and *Aikoku Maru*, had been built in 1939 at the Tama Shipyard—492 feet long, 66½ feet in beam and 40¾ feet in draught—and were converted at the start of the war with an armament of eight 5.5-inch guns, four 25mm and four 13mm heavy machine guns in twin mountings, two 21-inch torpedo tubes and two Aichi E13A1 seaplanes.

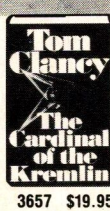
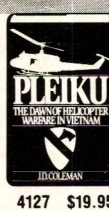
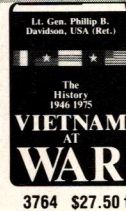
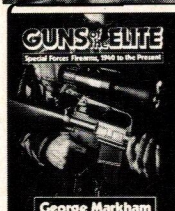
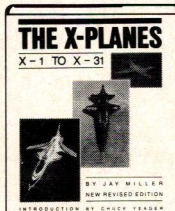
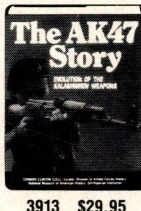
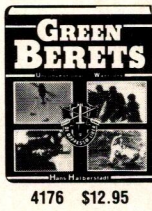
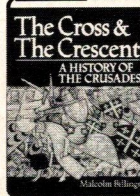
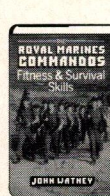
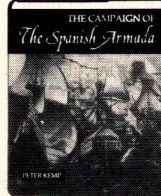
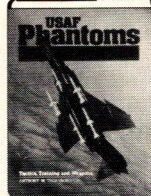
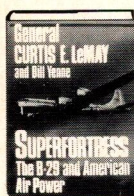
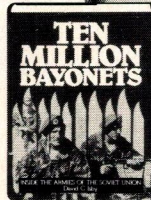
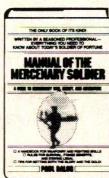
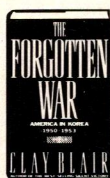
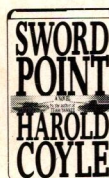
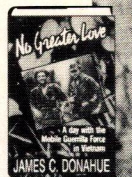
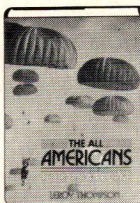
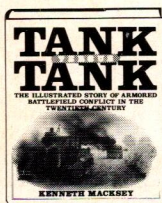
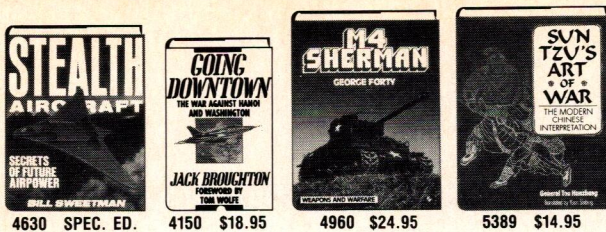
No attempt was made to conceal the guns. Other than using the vastness of the ocean itself, stealth had not really entered into the Japanese formula. Shortly after their conversions, both

ships were modified further to stow ammunition, gasoline, bombs and about 80 Type-93 oxygen torpedoes for the submarines with which they were expected to operate.

Aikoku Maru and *Hokoku Maru* commenced operations in support of the 8th Submarine Flotilla, 1st Division, comprised of submarines I-10 (flagship), I-16, I-18, I-20 and I-30, which among them also carried three midget submarines and two seaplanes. The submarines were to engage in activity around the Indian Ocean, while the raiders took up a roughly central position to provide logistic support and strike at targets of opportunity. The surface raiders scored the first success on May 9, when they encountered and captured the 7,987-ton Dutch tanker *Genota* 480 miles south southeast of Diégo-Suarez, Madagascar.

On May 29, I-10's plane was spotted overflying Diégo-Suarez. The next day, I-16 and I-20 launched their midget submarines and at least one penetrated the

Continued on page 56



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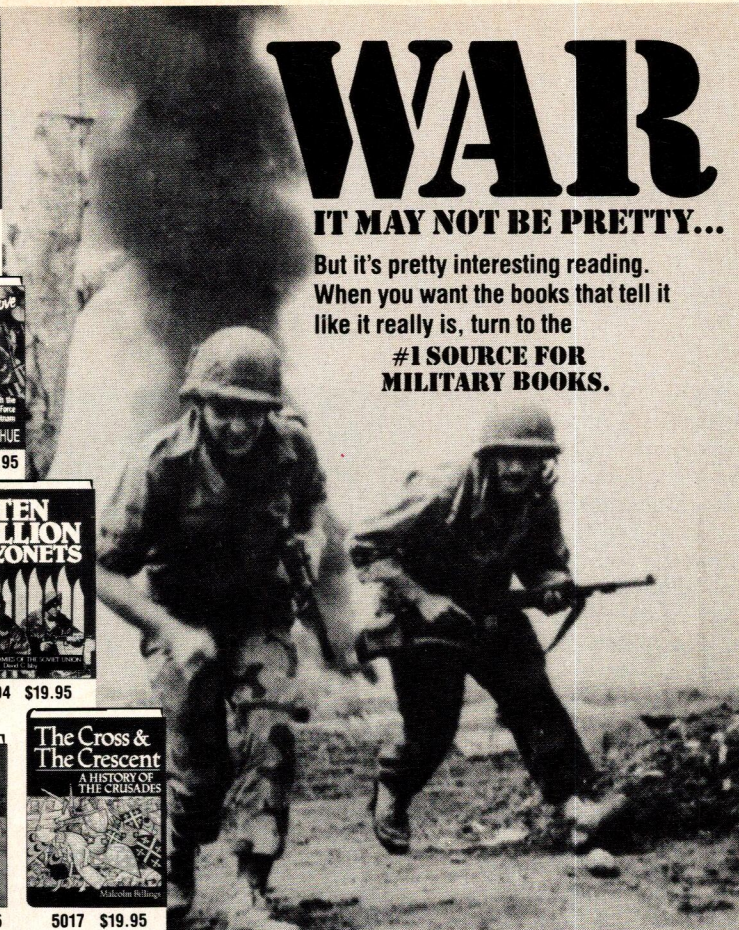
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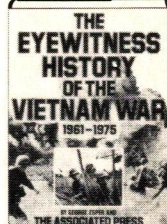
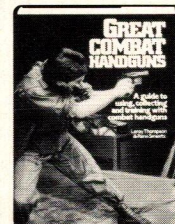
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Man of Mixed Loyalty

Benjamin Church was both a respected American doctor and British spy.

By Peggy Robbins

Highly regarded by all, Dr. Benjamin Church was an important figure in the American Revolution to both Americans and British. So far as the patriots were aware, he was the director and chief physician of the Continental Army's hospital at Cambridge, Mass., and nothing more. At the same time, however, he was a paid informer of General Thomas Gage, Royal Governor of Massachusetts and commander of British forces in the United States.

A grandson and namesake of a famous Indian fighter and son of a Massachusetts preacher, Church was born in Newport, R.I., in 1734, reared in Boston and educated at the Boston Latin School, Harvard and London Medical College.

An excellent writer and speaker, he became prominent in Boston revolutionary politics and was noted for his political verse in support of revolutionary actions. In fact, he ranked close to John and Samuel Adams and John Hancock among the Boston patriots. He was a member of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, a legislative body publicly denounced by the Royal Governor, and of the Boston Committee of Safety.

The Continental Congress unanimously selected Dr. Church, who was known as a talented and well-educated physician and surgeon, to head its newly created hospital department. When he assumed office at Cambridge, colonial soldiers were being cared for in about 30 hospitals that were in wretched condition and operated under extremely poor management. At Cambridge, Church did much to improve conditions.

Church's completely unsuspected espionage began months before the Revolutionary War broke out. It was much later learned that, more than a month before he was given the medical post at Cam-



Rebellious colonists await oncoming British at Concord Bridge on April 19, 1775, unaware that the location of their ammunition stores had been revealed to the British by one of their own.

bridge, Church notified General Gage of the Americans' intention to fortify Bunker Hill. He also told Gage about secret business being conducted by the Continental Congress. This service prompted Gage to call Benjamin Church his "superagent."

Then, as head of the Cambridge hospital, Church traveled from Cambridge to Boston, purportedly to buy medicines, but also with opportunity to deliver information to a British agent.

Only Paul Revere believed that Dr. Church was supplying the British side with information, and no one would listen to him.

According to Revere's later recollection, a man who worked with Church at the hospital told him the doctor was "much drove for money" at times, then "all at once would have several hundred new British guineas."

On the night of April 18, 1775, when Gage sent a force of 700 men from Boston with secret orders to destroy the American ammunition stores at Concord, the major supply depot for the militia organized by the Provincial Congress, he was acting on information sent to him by Church. En route to Concord, which is 21 miles northeast of Boston, the British killed eight Minutemen and wounded 10 at Lexington without suffering any casualties. They then marched on to Concord and destroyed the supplies.

On the return trip, they did not fare so well—they were attacked relentlessly by militiamen who swarmed through the countryside.

Gage's papers later revealed that the British gave Church full credit for the success in destroying the stores and blamed themselves entirely for the return-trip losses, realizing they had not properly considered the detailed information Church

had supplied them about the patriot citizen-soldiers in the area who could be assembled in emergencies.

Church's apparently lucrative work for the British went smoothly until late summer of 1775. The extent of the information he furnished, particularly in regard to very important and supposedly "hidden" American military and political secrets, was not known until a century and a half after the Revolution. At that point, in the period immediately preceding World War II, a closer scholarly examination of Gage's papers revealed more letters from Church to him.

By August 1775, Church was having difficulty getting messages to Gage. In desperation, he gave a ciphered letter to his mistress—he was a high-living, adulterous man as well as the good doctor—and told her to take it by a

Continued on page 65

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Son of the Dragon

His was already a storied life, but in fictional form it became famous.

By Bob Black

There are those men whose lives transcend their own times, whose fame reaches beyond their own countries, whose names become household words long after the deeds that gave them fame have been forgotten. One such man, whose life began in 1431, was born the second son of Vlad, the Voivode of Wallachia, today a part of Romania. He was also given the name Vlad.

As young Vlad grew up, his father was busy defending Wallachia against the ever-increasing menace of the Turkish Ottoman Empire.

Vlad had problems. He was dependent on Hungary and paid fealty to her king. Yet his Turkish neighbors were capable of destroying his army and occupying his kingdom. Although he had been awarded the Order of the Dragon for fighting the Turks, necessity forced him to negotiate with them.

To show his loyalty to the Turks, Vlad felt constrained to attack his own Wallachian towns. Such incidents eventually led his Hungarian neighbors to doubt his loyalty to them.

Nor were the Turks so easily convinced. Summoned to Gallipoli in 1442, he handed over his two younger sons, Vlad and Radu, as hostages for his good conduct. And now his political tightrope became even more precarious—to keep the support of the Hungarians he must attack the Turks, while attacking the Turks could cost the lives of his sons.

Vlad and his brother Radu were held hostage until 1448, the constant threat of death for their father's "misbehavior" always with them. Vlad seems to have absorbed both the Turkish attitude to the cheapness of human life and a dislike for the Turks themselves.

In the meantime, János Hunyadi, the son of a Wallachian knight who in 10 years had become the greatest warlord in



Very much the product of the dangerous environment in which he was raised, Vlad Tepes was astute, ruthless, fearless and only marginally more sadistic than most of his contemporaries.

Hungary, had crossed the Danube in 1443 and stormed the Turkish strongholds. Bad weather and lack of supplies finally forced his campaign back, but it was still a great success.

The Turks then signed a 10-year truce with the Christian foe, but the Pope's envoy convinced Hunyadi that he need not keep his word to a Turk. Again the army marched through Bulgaria toward the Black Sea, but Sultan Murad II hurried his army up to Varna, where, on November 10, 1444, the Hungarians were defeated. Hunyadi narrowly escaped death or capture as the bulk of his army was butchered.

At the end of 1447 Vlad's father died. Many believe that he was killed by Hunyadi, who certainly recommended his successor—Vladislav-Dan. Vlad's

older brother Mircea also disappeared, and the charge was made that he was buried alive by hostile Wallachian boyars, or nobles.

Vlad was heir to the Dragon's throne, and in the new year the Turks invaded Wallachia and installed him as Voivode, or prince. Vlad's reign lasted less than a year—by November 1448, he had been removed from the throne. The circumstances surrounding his removal are vague and obscured, but it certainly was not the end of Vlad, son of the Dragon.

In 1452, Vlad unsuccessfully tried to regain his throne but was driven off by Hunyadi. The following year, however, he was presented to King Ladislav of Hungary by none other than Hunyadi himself, evidence that they had patched up their differences.

In 1456 Hunyadi marched to relieve Belgrade, then under siege by the Turks, and defeated the Ottomans. It was the ironic fate of Hungary's great hero (who is equally honored in Roman-

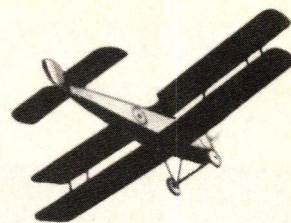
ian history books by his Wallachian name, Iancu of Hunedoara) to survive the fighting, only to die of plague three weeks later. Even as Hunyadi was fighting, young Vlad was taking the throne of Wallachia. In November 1456, he fought and killed Hunyadi's early protégé Vladislav-Dan, and then concluded a treaty with Ladislav of Hungary.

Vlad turned his attention to his country's nettlesome boyars—the nobility. These were men of power, wealth and authority—and they were not about to make Vlad a powerful ruler.

Summoning some 500 boyars before him, he asked how many Voivodes they could remember. Even the youngest could remember seven—too many for Vlad. He had them all executed.

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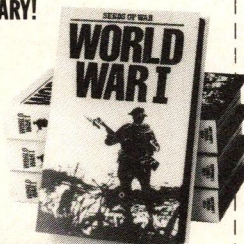
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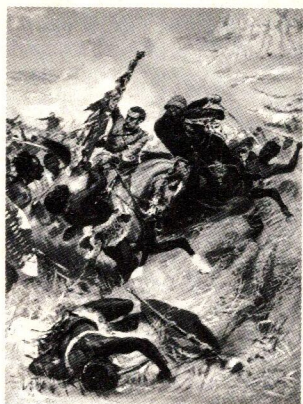
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earn him a new name: The Romanians called him Vlad *Tepes*, which translates as Vlad the Impaler, because he executed his boyars by having them impaled on wooden stakes (dull for greater pain) and left to rot—a fate also awaiting his less fortunate Turkish enemies.

Vlad's excesses had a purpose, which he stated in a letter dated September 10, 1456: "You may judge by yourselves, that when a man or prince is strong and powerful, he can make peace as he chooses to; but when he is powerless, a stronger man will come and do whatever it may please him to."

Vlad imposed a drastically strong sense of the respect due to his position as *Voi-vode*. When a party of Turkish ambassadors appeared before him without removing their hats, he asked why. They answered that it was their custom to honor great men by keeping their hats on. Vlad responded by ordering the emissaries' hats nailed to their heads.

In 1461, the Turkish governor of Nicopolis, Hamza Pasha, felt it necessary to have Vlad meet him at the port of Giurgiu, in order to settle the matter of Vlad's nonpayment of tribute and other items of Turkish dissatisfaction.

Instead of simply meeting the Turks at Giurgiu, Vlad and his troops stormed and overwhelmed the garrison. Hamza Pasha met the same fate as his soldiers—stripped and impaled, albeit on a taller stake, out of respect to his rank!

Vlad next launched a campaign to destroy Turkish power along the Danube. His small force, between 10,000 and 20,000 men, attacked various Turkish garrisons, while his messengers sped westward to enlist the aid of Europe. One letter, preserved in the Munich Archives, was sent to Matthias Corvinus, son of Janos Hunyadi and the latest King of Hungary. With it went bags of "trophies"—Turkish heads, eyes and noses. The grisly message appears to have had an adverse effect on Matthias, who made no move to aid Vlad. Many of the peasants believed the days of Hunyadi had returned—Vlad was seen as a crusader leading a holy war.

But each Turkish-held town had to be besieged, and Vlad's fast-moving cavalry force soon lost its impetus. Finally, Vlad was compelled to abandon his campaign and make defensive preparations.

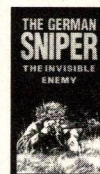
It was estimated that the Turkish invasion force consisted of 60,000 men. Sultan Mehmed II led the main army across the Bosphorus in spring of 1462, moving to join a secondary force that had crossed the Danube to retake Giurgiu. Vlad skirmished along the river, trying to keep the two armies separate.

As his small force retreated north, he left nothing for the invaders. Whatever could not be carried was destroyed.

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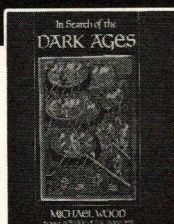
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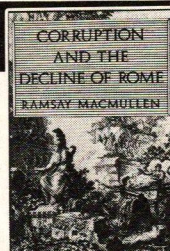
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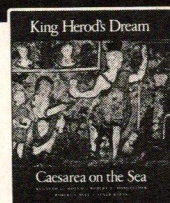
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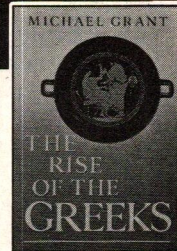
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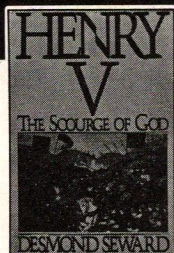
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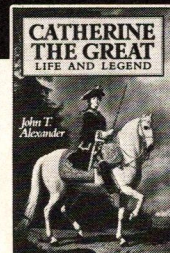
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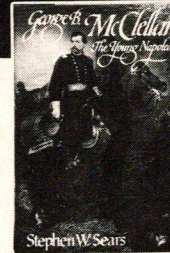
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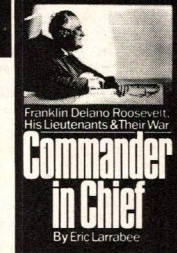
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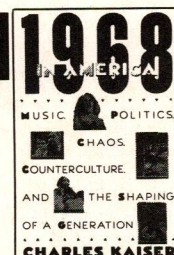
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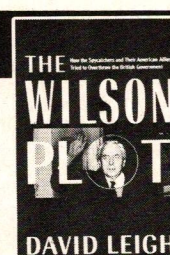
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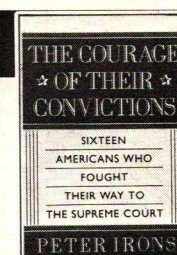
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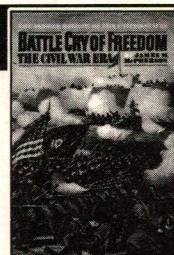
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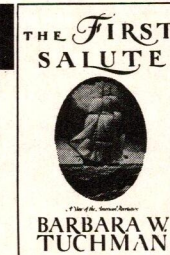
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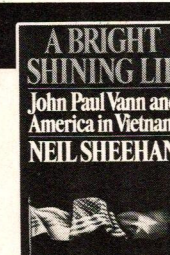
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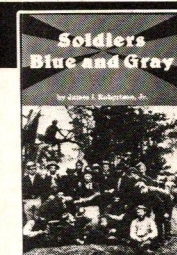
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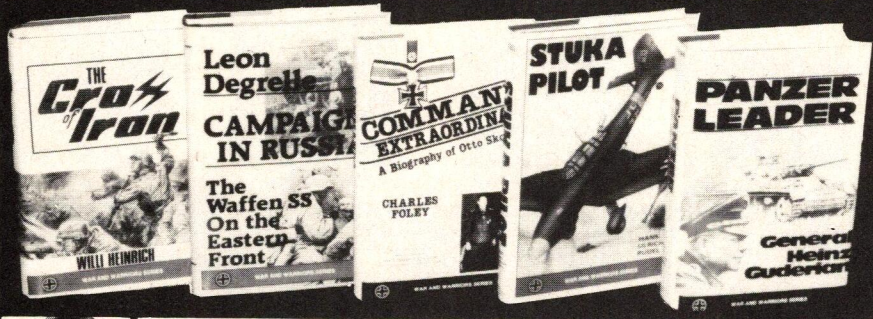
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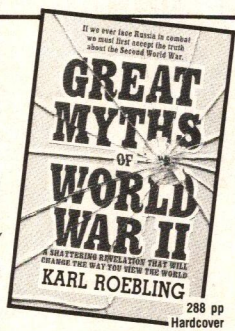
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With the Turkish army nearing his capital of Tirgoviste and none of the aid he so desperately needed coming, Vlad decided to risk everything on a surprise raid. At night the Wallachians burst into the Turkish camp and made their way through the confusion to the Sultan's tent. But while the Turkish infantry scattered, the Sultan's Janissaries stood firm—the Wallachians could not break through to attack the Sultan. They killed two viziers and several thousand Turkish troops in the raid, but Sultan Mehmed II still lived, although it had been a very near thing.

The Turks occupied Tirgoviste and pronounced Vlad's brother Radu the Handsome as Voivode. Leaving a strong force to deal with Vlad, Mehmed left the devastated city.

Vlad himself had retreated to his castle on the Arges River, but the Turks followed, bombarded the walls and prepared to launch an assault. Although Vlad's wife leaped to her death in the river rather than risk capture, Vlad and his retainers slipped out of the castle one dark night, the noise of the castle guns covering their escape. As the Turks finally broke through the castle defenses, Vlad galloped off in the direction of the Fagaras mountains.

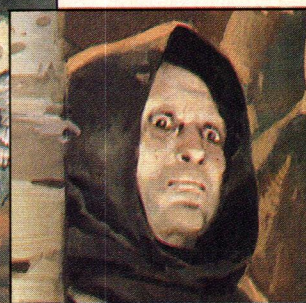
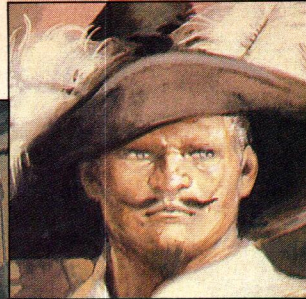
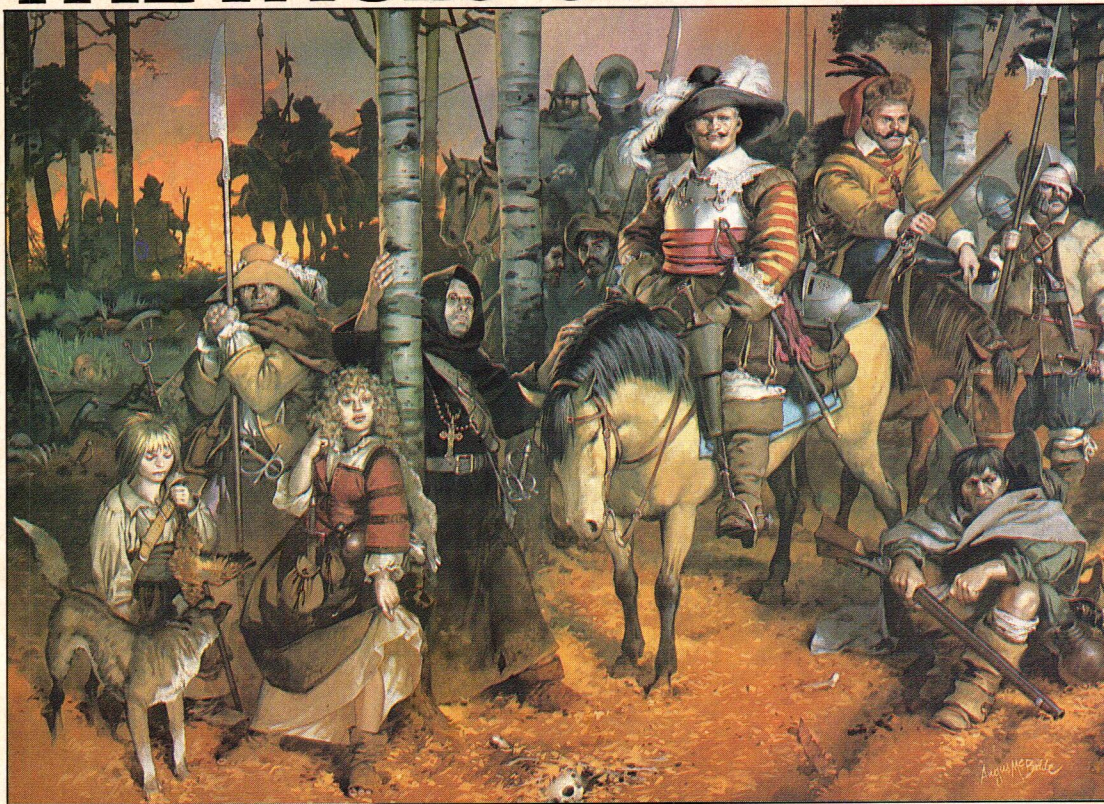
But there was no safety in flight for Vlad. The Hungarian King Matthias Corvinus had him arrested and thrown into prison. He stayed there until 1474, released only after changing his religion from Greek Orthodoxy to Roman Catholicism and marrying one of Hunyadi's relatives. In November 1476, he began his third stint as Voivode of Wallachia, but that reign ended with his death just one month later in a skirmish against the Turks near Bucharest. Whether Vlad was abandoned to the Turks by his own boyars, or cut down by the Turks themselves, remains unknown, but accounts generally agree that he had been betrayed.

Four hundred years after Vlad's death, a Victorian stage manager in England heard the story of Vlad from a Romanian friend. He mixed some of it with a fictional idea he was working on and produced a book—entitled *Dracula*.

In Romanian, Vlad's father had been known as Vlad Dracul—Vlad the Dragon—and his son Vlad was known by the diminutive form *Dracula*, Son of the Dragon. Bram Stoker's story is so well known that the real, historical Dracula has been lost.

The real Dracula was, by various viewpoints, a patriot to his people, a politician and statesman, egotist, soldier, campaigner and, perhaps, a blood-crazed maniac. Compared to Dracula the man, Bram Stoker's vampire seems nowhere near as interesting. □

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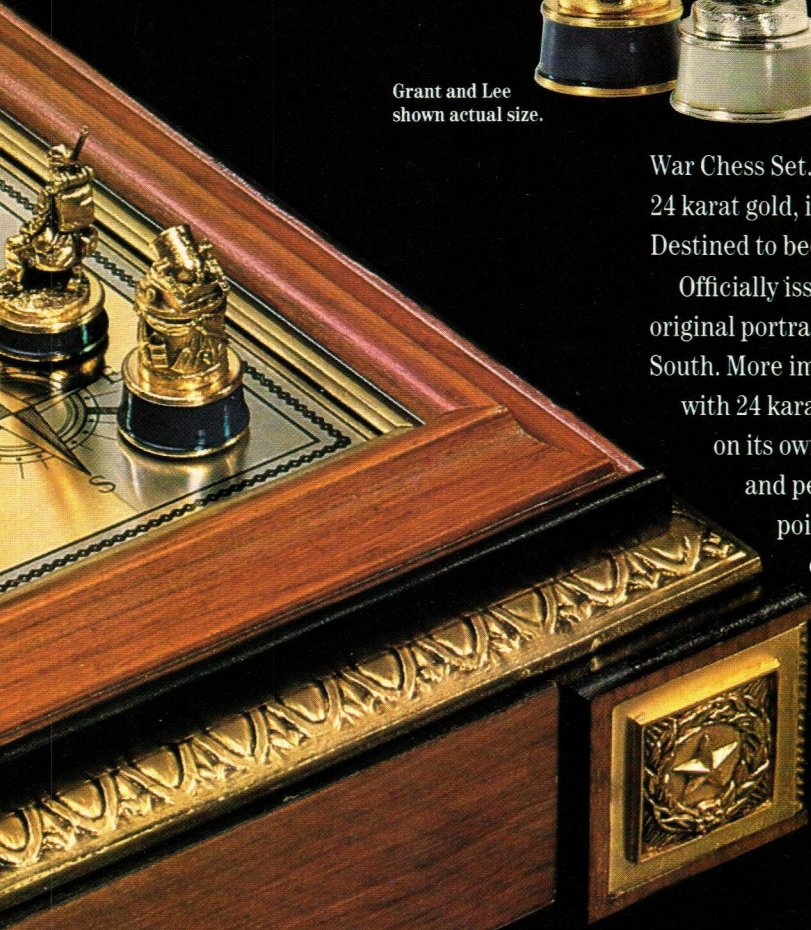
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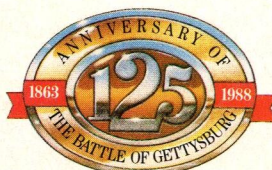
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An exchange of arrows opens the Battle of Crécy in 1346, as shown in a contemporary illustration to Jean Froissart's chronicle. As English cannon and a massed barrage of arrows bring disorder to Ottone Dorian's Genoese crossbowmen, Count D'Alençon leads his French knights over them, striking some down in his impatience to come to grips with the enemy.



STORM OF ARROWS

The rudimentary cannon made its appearance at Crécy, but in this medieval battle the longbow was the more decisive factor by far. The arrows came in sheets likened to a snowstorm.

By Robert E. Rogge

Edward III's large-scale raid into France in 1346 was just that—a raid to substantiate his somewhat dubious claim to vast territories held by King Philip VI of Valois. The English king's plan for the campaign was ambitious enough, but impractical in light of the poor communications of that era. Edward hoped to bring together no less than four English and allied armies in France and the Low Countries and aim for Paris. The idea was that, by presenting King Philip with four converging armies, he would not be able to mass his own armies to counter any one of them. The idea was sound, but did not work out.

The Earl of Darby was totally immersed in simultaneous fighting in Gascony and could not break free to come to his king's aid. The Anglo-Flemish army became embroiled in its own fighting and never did join Edward's column, and the English army in Brittany was just as hotly involved as Darby in Gascony. This left Edward alone to face a French army that ultimately outnumbered his by at least three-to-one, on a fateful Saturday at Crécy-en-Ponthieu, a benchmark not only in the sporadic Hundred Years' War but also in the annals of military history.

Edward gathered more than 700 ships at Spithead and Portsmouth to carry his army of 15,000 men and all their equipment and stores to France. The army waited through May and June for favorable winds—it was not until July 5 that it was able to set sail. But the winds turned contrary again, and the fleet returned to England. It had to wait almost a full week before finally sailing again for France.

Before he sailed, Edward let it be publicly known that he was sailing to Gascony. What he really intended doing (or ended up doing) was to sail to the Cotentin Peninsula of Normandy where, on July 12, he indeed landed his army at St. Vaast-la-Hogue on the peninsula's eastern shore.

This apparently deliberate "leaking" of false plans was termed deceitful by later historians. But what commander has not striven to give his enemy false information as to his ultimate intentions? Rather than deceitful, Edward's move was proven military strategy.

One of Edward's first acts upon landing was to knight his son, the 16-year-old Prince of Wales, and bestow upon him

the golden spurs of knighthood. Young Edward, the future "Black Prince," was to earn his spurs in mortal combat some weeks later.

Five days after landing, Edward formed his army into three parallel columns and began a 300-mile raid that spread a trail of devastation through Normandy that would be unequaled for 600 years. He had with him Godfrey de Harcourt, ex-baron of St. Sauveur, Viscount of Normandy. Banished from his ancestral estates, de Harcourt had fled to England and offered his services to Edward. This was not seen as treachery at the time, for nationalism was an issue to appear far in the future. Also, Normandy once had been under English rule and many Norman noblemen still hoped one day to be under the English flag again. De Harcourt was to be of inestimable value as a guide to Edward as he ravaged Normandy. He also proved to be a stalwart sword in battle.

Edward struck first at Valognes, and then Carentan fell and was sacked and burned. St. Lô was pillaged and burned. Caen was assaulted and taken—2,500 Frenchmen died there. Other towns—Pont Hébert, Sept Vents, Torteval, Fontenay and scores of villages—were ravaged, looted and burned. It was Edward's policy to create such havoc in Normandy that Philip would have to confront the English and bring them to battle. The old chronicles repeatedly cite "pillaging and burning." This was not only the accepted practice of living off the country, but was revenge as well, for the French had recently raided English coastal towns, including Portsmouth.

The looting, from the standpoint of the looters, was superb. As one chronicler, Jean Froissart, wrote: "The country was plentiful in everything, the granges [barns] were full of corn [wheat, rye, oats, barley], the houses full of rich burgesses, carts and chariots, horses, swine, muttons and other beasts; they took with them a list and brought it into the king's host; but the soldiers made no count to the king nor to none of his officers of the gold and silver that they did get; they kept that to themselves."

In Barflour, an equally prosperous coastal town a few miles north of St. Vaast, "there was found so much riches that the boys and villains [low-born infantry] of the host set nothing by good furred gowns."



King Edward III, his beard hidden behind his gorget, arrives at St. Vaast-la-Hogue in July 1346, at the head of an armada of hundreds of roundships.

When the English assaulted and took St. Lô, "The king came to St. Lô a rich town of drapery and many rich burghesses. . . . Anon the town was taken and clean robbed. . . ." And when the visiting English sacked Caen on July 26, said a chronicler later, "The English desiring spoils brought back to the ships only jeweled clothing or very valuable ornaments." It was recorded that "they took what they liked and burnt the rest." Also, "They disregarded clothing and went only for silver plate and cash."

The reference to the English ships attests to Edward's tactic of having his fleet follow his army and burn and destroy the coastal villages and towns while he ravaged the inland centers. At Caen, great amounts of booty and prisoners, Normans wealthy enough to ensure their ransoming from England, were put on board the ships, and they all sailed back to England. That development was not what Edward wanted, for he needed ships to maintain his communications with the homeland. He was now cut off from his kingdom, and for weeks England hung in doubt as to the fate of its king and his army.

Five days after the sack of Caen, on July 31, Edward resumed his march and went east to Troarne. The next day saw his column cover 10 miles to Rumesvil and on August 2, nine miles to Lisieux, a pair of cardinals representing the Pope vainly tried to arrange a peace between Edward and Philip.

News of Philip's arrival that same day at Rouen came as a distinct surprise to Edward. Philip now controlled the city where Edward had hoped to cross the Seine. Furthermore, the French army now lay directly between Edward's army and the Anglo-Flemish army that he hoped would join him at Amiens on the Somme.

Nonetheless, after a one-day halt in Lisieux, Edward pressed on toward the Seine and force-marched his troops 16 miles to Le Teil Nollent on August 4. The following day saw the English put 19 miles behind them as they reached Neubourg.

There is no question as to Edward's route from St. Vaast-la-Hogue to Crécy, or to the specific dates mentioned. The route and dates were originally transcribed from Edward's Kitchen Rolls, a day-by-day compilation of each day's halting place. The complete itinerary is on record.

Edward was now beginning to march his army into trouble. Since the French held Rouen, he would have to march

up the Seine toward Paris, hoping to find either an unguarded or weakly guarded crossing. Also, once across the Seine, de Harcourt would be of no further use as a guide.

Edward marched straight to Elbeuf, a short distance upstream from Rouen, where he hoped his sudden appearance could force a crossing. But the bridge at Elbeuf had been destroyed, and a strong force stood guard on the north bank. Edward now began a desperate hunt for a crossing—he and the English marched steadily up the Seine, thwarted at every possible crossing by smashed bridges and strong French forces.

Now came one of those odd feudal acts of bravado that characterized the age. Philip sent Edward a personal challenge to a duel. This was pure windage, for Edward had a reputation as an invincible swordsman in the lists and would have made short work of Philip in a man-to-man duel. Edward sent a return message to Philip stating that he would meet him in personal combat at Paris. Edward then resumed his march up the Seine.

Edward's counter-challenge had an effect that was astounding. Philip immediately marched his army back to Paris and left only weak guards at the river crossings. On August 9, the English took off on another of their forced marches and covered 18 miles to Vernon, which was still too strongly held to attempt a crossing; the next day they marched nine more miles to Freneuse.

On August 11, Edward led his army on a 13-mile march upstream to Épône. They were repulsed at Meulon on Saturday, August 12, and marched another five miles to Equevilly.

The English were getting deeper and deeper into France and were out of touch with their Flemish allies. Philip had an immense army waiting at Paris and the English were becoming weary, while the horses were balking from exhaustion. Something had to be done, and done soon, or Edward would be trapped.

In that day and age, religion played an important part in the lives of the chivalry, and English chaplains enjoyed large attendances at daily worship services. Suddenly it seemed that English prayers were answered. On Sunday, August 13, after a short march of only six miles, they found a damaged, but repairable, bridge at Poissy.

It took Edward's engineers three days to repair the bridge. Meanwhile, on Monday, August 14, a large French force appeared to dispute the crossing. The Earl of Northampton, leading his men across a single beam 60 feet long and one foot wide, smashed into the French, killing some 500 of them and driving off the remainder.

During the three-day hiatus at Poissy, Edward sent the Prince of Wales on a raid toward Paris in order to keep Philip occupied. The prince destroyed a number of villages, including St. Cloud in full view of Paris, and returned flushed with youthful pride.

The prince's raid stirred Philip into another rash of letter-writing—he offered to meet Edward's army in a setpiece battle on ground of mutual choosing. Edward was having none of that, however, and crossed the Seine on August 16 and took up a march that was uncannily straight north. For 68 miles, his route did not deviate more than a mile and a half from a straight line. This was, indeed, a remarkable feat in that day of no maps or maps of questionable accuracy. Edward, who had no intention of entering upon a major battle on Philip's terms, completely outfoxed the bewildered Philip at Paris and gained a two-day advantage over him.

Now the English began to march in earnest, for they had to reach and cross the Somme River if they were to survive. Consequently, there was little time spent in looting, although they did storm and take the town of Poix on August 20, against Edward's orders.

But even with the delay at Poix, the English put 14½ miles a day behind them for five days running, and Edward put

as much distance between himself and Philip as he could.

On Monday, August 21, Edward slowed his precipitous rush north to a mere six-mile march to Airaines, about midway between Amiens and Abbeville on the lower Somme. Airaines seemed an ideal location to Edward in his search for a Somme crossing since the nearby towns of Picquigny, Longpré, Long and Pont Remy all had bridges. He hoped to capture one of them. But his scouts brought news that was both startling and frightening. Philip was at Amiens!

Seventy-three miles from Paris to Amiens in three days! It was a more remarkable march than Edward's and absolutely dumbfounded Edward and his staff. Philip had covered 24 miles each day straight to Amiens, where hastily raised levies were flooding in to join his already burgeoning army. He had secured a clear moral victory while also placing Edward in great jeopardy.

The next move was up to Edward, and the course he now took surprised Philip.

On Wednesday, August 23, Edward turned his back on the Somme and marched due west to Oisemont, which he stormed and took. As his leading troops assaulted the town, Edward learned that Philip had crossed the Somme and was at the English campgrounds of Airaines. Time was running out for the English, who by now were in sorry condition. Food and fodder for men and horses were in short supply, boots were worn out, and the men were footsore and weary. Most of the horses had foundered and been replaced by farm nags.

Of greater importance to Edward, however, was the dire necessity to get across the Somme. He could not afford to fight the vastly superior French with his back to the river.

Accordingly, he marched almost due north eight miles to Acheux in the hope not only of evading detection by the French at Abbeville, not quite 10 miles on his right flank, but also of finding a crossing. Edward's only hope lay in finding a ford between Abbeville and the mouth of the Somme. He was in strange country, however, and did not have much time to look for a ford. Then, with word that Philip had sent a large formation of troops to Abbeville to block that crossing, Edward knew that Philip now believed he had cornered his enemy and would bring him to battle at his own pleasure.

This position clearly untenable, Edward resorted to a desperate measure. He summoned the French peasants who had been captured that day and promised a prince's ransom to anyone who would tell him of a way across the Somme. Money talked, and one Gobin Agâche volunteered the information about a ford known as Blanche Tâque, or the White Sopt. It was paved, 2,000 yards long, and wide enough for 11 men to march abreast.

Edward took Agâche at his word and prepared to move out at dawn. The man's word was good, and the English gathered at the ford in the early morning hours of Thursday, August 24. At about 10 a.m., they began to wade across with Hugh Despenser in the vanguard with a force of archers and mounted men-at-arms.

Philip knew about Blanche Tâque and had posted a guard of some 500 men-at-arms and 3,000 infantry, including Genoese crossbowmen, under Godeman de Fay, to block the crossing.

The Genoese opened fire, and "considerable casualties" ensued until the English longbowmen came into range. They then began the massed firing that was their hallmark in battle, and the sheets of steel-tipped arrows decimated the Frenchmen and Genoese. Despenser's mounted men then met in headlong battle with the French men-at-arms—horses and men slipped and struggled in the waters as the longbowmen continued to ply their deadly trade. The French were forced back, and when the English reached dry ground they harried the retreating French all the way to Abbeville.

With the crossing now secured, Edward and his marshals



As the fight turned against the French, John I, the blind King of Bohemia, ordered his knights to lead him against the English. All died attacking Prince Edward's battle line.

chivvied the army across. They were fighting against time, since the tide shortly would begin to flow back and make the ford impassable. Philip's advance guard was rapidly approaching—the last remnants of Edward's army and some of his supply wagons were captured.

The rising tide now made the ford impassable to all, pursuers included—Philip marched back to Abbeville, highly displeased at Edward's escape.

Edward had achieved what was viewed as a God-given miracle. His army was safely across the Somme, and those wagons that curiously had several iron-bound tubes stowed under their cargoes of bundled arrows were safe. Now he had only to join up with his Flemish allies and all would be well. But that was not to be.

The Flemish, under Henry of Flanders, had been besieging the city of Bethune and had been outmaneuvered by the defender, Godfrey d'Annequin. They broke off the siege and retired east to the River Lys, the body of water effectively serving to separate them from Edward's army.

Since Edward had no knowledge of what was happening in Flanders, he now felt secure in his position and able to offer Philip battle. For one thing, the morale of his troops, previously on the brink of collapse, had been raised to new heights by the successful fording of the Somme. His followers now believed they were truly under the protection of the God of Battles, and if Philip wanted a fight they would oblige him any time, any place. They marched north a short distance and camped in the Forêt de Crécy. They went into camp, fatigued, soaked and hungry, and spent that night and the following day recuperating.

Edward's army, back at St. Vaast in Normandy, had numbered about 15,000, but casualties and sickness, always the scourge of medieval armies, had brought this figure down to about 12,000. Of these, some 2,000 were men-at-arms, the nobility and their retainers. The remainder were archers and ferocious Welsh infantry. Edward knew for certain that Philip's army outnumbered his threefold and that it included a large number of Genoese crossbowmen.

These hired mercenaries were the only disciplined force in Philip's array. The French nobility, reared on *élan*, was impetuous in battle to the point of suicide. They had no fear of death and attacked with vigor and ferocity.



King Edward III greets his son, the Prince of Wales, after the battle. The young "Black Prince," in his first combat, had indeed "won his spurs."

The Genoese, commanded by Ottone Dorian, were a disciplined force, capable of inflicting terrible casualties with their powerful crossbows, which fired short, thick bolts that could pierce armor. As detriment, however, the crossbow was a cumbersome weapon, heavy, slow to cock, with a rate of fire of about 2-3 bolts per minute.

Facing the Genoese were the English longbowmen armed with their fabled yew bows, each capable of sending a dozen or more arrows per minute into the air. The arrows, the famed cloth-yard shafts, were tipped with the bodkin point, essentially a case-hardened cold chisel that punched through plate and mail. There is a recorded instance of a cloth-yard shaft piercing the armored leg of a knight, then punching through his heavy wooden saddle and into the body of his horse, pinning him to his mount.

The men-at-arms wielded swords, lances and, for close-quarters fighting, knives and daggers. Each wore body armor and carried a shield. Each archer carried with him 24 arrows for immediate use and was supplied in battle by runners carrying sheaves of arrows from the supply wagons in the rear.

Edward's marshals found an ideal site for the coming battle, a long ridge running roughly northeast from the village of Crécy to Wadicourt, some 2,000 yards away. The ridge fronted a long, shallow valley up which the French would have to charge. Near the center of the ridge was a series of terraces, and Edward placed his fearsome Welsh infantry at that point.

The young prince's battle, or division, was sited on the right flank, the position of honor, and each flank was guarded by *herces* of archers. The word *herce* means harrow, a many-pronged agricultural tool that is drawn across freshly plowed ground to break up clumps. The word also means wedge, and it is the consensus of historical opinion that the English archers were massed in dense wedges between the ranks of the men-at-arms. In such formations, they could pour unending arrow fire into the flanks of the advancing French and drive

them into compact, unwieldy masses as they approached the dismounted men-at-arms.

With the young prince was de Harcourt, whose principal duty was to see to it that the boy was not harmed.

The Welsh infantry formed along the center of the ridge. Meanwhile, wagoneers carried several small iron-bound tubes, which were crudely mounted on wooden platforms, and set them at a point on the ridge above the terraces. These were cannon, the first ever used against troops in the field. Centuries later several of their small (roughly three-inch caliber) stone and iron cannonballs were found on the battlesite.

The Earl of Northampton's battle was set on the northernmost flank, with dense *herces* of archers at each end, and Edward held his battle in reserve near the windmill.

Edward's army was now in position and awaited the onslaught of the French.

After inspecting his positions, Edward ordered that his army be fed. And then they waited. A rain shower sent the archers scurrying to their bows that they had left on the ground marking their places, to unstringing them and protect the strings from wetness. As the day wore on, it appeared that there would be no battle, and the troops began to mill about. Nerves tightened as the hour of evening vespers came and still there was no sign of the enemy. There was talk of pitching camp when a lookout on the windmill spied the banners of the vanguard of the French army and raised the alarm.

The English trumpets sounded, and the troops went quickly to their battle positions. The bowmen restrung their bows and the men-at-arms donned the helmets which they had removed for comfort. All watched the distant woods through which the French would come.

The French army approached in complete disarray. Units were intermingled and mounted men rudely jostled the foot soldiers aside with angry shouts and lunges from their steeds. Not even the Genoese were in perfect order, for they were tired after the long day's march and from carrying their heavy weapons. Their leader, Ottone Dorian, would very much have liked to have put off the fight until the next morning, but he was denied such luxury and ordered to form up his crossbowmen in front of the impatient French. The Genoese were to open the battle with their firepower; the mounted men-at-arms would then sweep forward and defeat the English.

Philip, too, preached caution, but his words went unheard. The setting sun was now blazing full in the face of his men, while the total confusion within his ranks spelled danger and defeat to the French king. But the nobility of France and her allies would have nothing to do with caution.

The men-at-arms formed into a solid, jostling mass of capering horses and shouting, cursing knights, the whole topped with multitudes of flags and banners. They began to chivvy the Genoese ahead of them down the near slope, across the floor of the valley and up the far slope.

Dorian had to reform his ranks three times before his men came into range of the English. Then he gave the command and his Genoese released their bolts. The battle that would decide the fate of Edward III had begun.

With the Genoese bolts singing into their ranks, the English archers took their stance—left foot forward, body half-turned to the enemy, bowstrings drawn to the ear. And then the cloth-yard shafts were loosed.

"It seemed that it snowed," Jean Froissart later penned. Solid sheets of arrows, thousands at a time, arched high up from the English *herces* and plunged into the ranks of the Genoese. The fire was murderous. The crossbowmen fell in swaths under the seemingly unending hail of bodkin points.

Now Edward loosed his "secret weapon." From atop the ridge where the terrible Welsh infantry waited with their long knives, there came several "thunderclaps," and small iron or stone cannonballs smashed into the ranks of the Genoese.

The crossbowmen broke and fled before this new terror. But the French men-at-arms were massed solidly behind them.

"Kill me those scoundrels, for they block our advance!" screamed Count d'Alençon as he spurred recklessly forward into the panicked bowmen. Knight and bowman hacked and shot each other at point-blank range—the horsemen trampled the frantic Genoese underhoof as they pressed forward to the grimly waiting English lines.

The fighting on the right flank was bloody and protracted, and de Harcourt feared for his young charge's safety. He sent a knight scurrying to Northampton on the left, seeking help, and yet another knight to the king's vantage point at the windmill. The boy prince had already slain a number of Frenchmen and stood in the midst of the pile of their bodies, swinging his sword with lusty vigor.

Edward, who saw Northampton's flank move against the French, knew that his son's battle was in no immediate danger, and when the knight arrived, the king gave him the now-famous message to de Harcourt, "Let the boy win his spurs."

Again and again the French charged, but then retreated from the sleeting arrow storm and the whistling sword strokes of the English. Again and again they gathered fresh courage and returned to the bloody fray. Cruelly spurring their lathered mounts over the heaps of their comrades' bodies, they strove mightily to come to blows with the English. The archers, now firing at even closer range, drove in their terrible bodkin points with deadly regularity. And each time the French retired, the bowmen raced into the writhing carnage and jerked their precious arrows out of the still-living and the dead, to use again, then raced back to their positions ready for the next assault.

The Welshmen, too, raced into the battle and slaughtered hundreds of wounded and dismounted French knights.

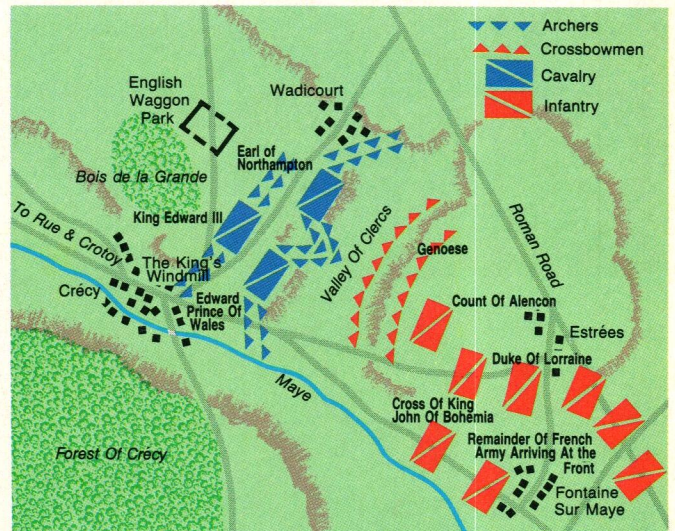
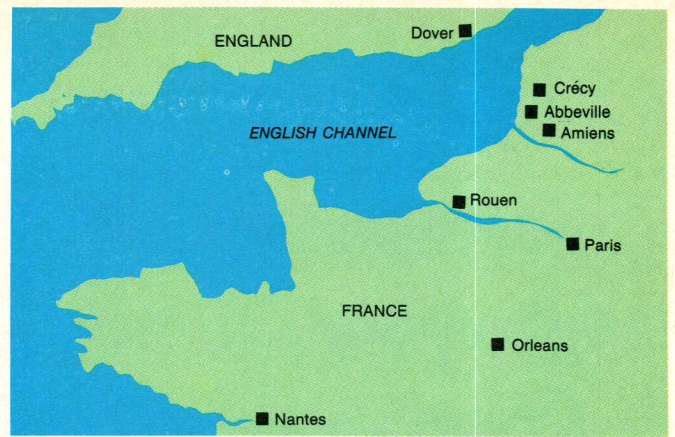
Night fell, and the pale moon shed its cold light on the bloody struggle that went on and on. It is reported that the French made no less than 15 separate and determined charges against the English lines, with scores of individuals and small groups attacking in the intervals. The blind King of Bohemia died fighting the Prince of Wales' battle, and Philip was injured in the face by a glancing shaft. His retainers forcibly led him from the field.

The French attacked until nearly midnight before conceding defeat and retiring from the gruesome field. The English, totally exhausted, lay down and slept on the spot, for Edward had decreed that there would be no pursuit in the darkness. The Battle of Crécy was ended.

The next day, Sunday, Edward sent Sir Reginald Cobham and his clerks to count the dead. Counting only the nobility, they listed 1,500 knights on their grisly rolls. As many as 10,000 uncounted infantry also lay dead or dying on the field. It was a decisive defeat for the French and their allies, who took their leave of the distraught Philip and went home. The Prince of Wales took as his insignia that of the gallant old King of Bohemia, the three-feathered crest that is today the mark of the Prince of Wales.

The Battle of Crécy was a turning point in medieval warfare. It introduced England's military prowess to the world and, in addition, a new and effective tactic to the Continent, that of fighting dismounted. It proved the efficacy of massed firepower against overwhelming odds, and (on a minor scale, to be sure) it introduced gunpowder to the Western battlefield in the use against troops. □

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TOP and MIDDLE: The inferiority of wooden English bows to their continental composite counterparts was canceled out by French incompetence at Crécy. Their massed charges allowed the English to mass their firepower. ABOVE: A dazzling kaleidoscope of heraldry only highlights the disorder of the French knights as they gallop full-tilt at the English archers—and into disaster.

Prior to the Somme offensive of July 1916, Canadian artillerymen contribute their bit to one of the heaviest bombardments in the history of land warfare. An observing American correspondent was "numbed by the display," but would it have a similar effect on the Germans?





WAR'S WORST DAY

On the first day of the Somme, ordered ranks stepped out into interlocking fields of fire...and simply kept on stepping out as those in front invariably went down.

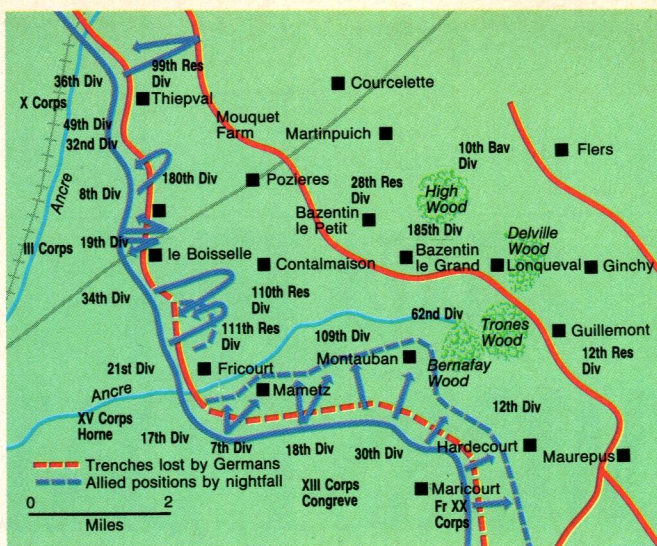
By Sidney Allinson

They are a small group now, these aged special veterans who proudly call themselves First of July Men. Three years ago, less than a hundred of them were able to attend the international ceremony held in northern France on July 1 to mark the 70th anniversary of the Battle of the Somme. They stood in a place of honor among the thousands who came from all over the world to remember those who fought on the battle's first day, the greatest sacrifice in British military history. Silently, they watched the Duke of Kent and the Secretary of State for Defence lay wreaths at the base of the Thiepval Memorial. On the 16 pillars of the massive arched shrine are inscribed the names of 73,367 soldiers who fell during the Battle of the Somme but have no known grave.

There at Thiepval, every mind harked back to that other summer morning, long ago, when nearly 20,000 soldiers were killed—the heaviest loss ever suffered in a single day by a British army. They died a few hours after being sent into frontal attack against strongly prepared enemy lines manned by resolute Germans. At 7:30 on that doomed, beautiful, red dawn of Saturday, July 1, 1916—Zero Day—14 British divisions of the Fourth Army rose from their trenches along a front of 18 miles. Their assault hinged on a small river called the Somme in Picardy, northern France.

For the most part, they were young, eager volunteers who had answered the call to join "Kitchener's New Army" of citizen soldiers. Though forming service battalions in every regiment, many had enlisted together locally and proudly retained their unofficial titles, such as Durham Pals, Hull Commercials, Grimsby Chums, Public Schoolboys, Belfast Young Citizens, Tyneside Scottish, Liverpool Irish, Hull T'Others, The Bantams, Glasgow Tramways, the Boy's Brigade Battalion. When officers' whistles shrilled at Zero Hour, they swarmed out of their trenches, bayonets gleaming in the morning light, one company of the East Surrey Regiment even booting soccerballs ahead in sporting allusion to the "kick-off."

Wave after wave of troops, 62,000 in the first phase, set off



TOP: Its secrecy compromised before it commenced, the great Allied effort to crash through the German trench lines on the Somme gained only four miles of ground, at the cost of a generation. MIDDLE: British soldiers hoist a shell into a 15-inch howitzer, in preparation for the bombardment. Dug as deep as 30 feet underground, the Germans weathered the storm better than the Allied command expected. ABOVE: Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and General Sir Henry Rawlinson outside of 4th Army headquarters at Querrieu in July 1916. Haig had not wanted to attack along the Somme, but once he accepted the site he pursued the offensive with tragic singlemindedness.

up the slope, all confident and eager to get to grips with the dirty Hun. Within minutes, they were being slaughtered by the thousands.

Each burdened with a load of heavy equipment and ordered to cross No Man's Land at a steady pace of less than two miles an hour, the troops stumbled over broken, shell-pocked ground. They struggled vainly to get through wide bands of uncut barbed-wire entanglements. Whole battalions were mown down at a time, suffering death or mutilation from the concentrated point-blank fire of massed German machine guns and artillery.

Still they went forward. Drilled repeatedly to march in straight lines, strictly disciplined by harsh punishments, and possessed of dogged personal courage, the Tommies slogged on despite murderous fire.

The machine gun earned its dreadful reputation that day, as hundreds of them raked deliberately back and forth, sending a whistling hail of bullets—"cheep-cheep-cheep"—scything through the slowly marching lines of khaki. The Somme fast became a killing-ground soaked with the blood of a generation, as uniformed British youths were sent forward in a fatuous tactic that sacrificed tens of thousands of "the bravest and the best" to the remorseless Maxims.

"Even as we fired, it was a pitiful sight," a German corporal later wrote. "To see all those English boys striding forward in rows to be mown down like so many stalks of corn..." In some places, a single well-placed machine gun butchered an entire battalion. Clouds of steam rose from the cooling-jackets of hundreds of ceaselessly firing Model '08 Maxims, each one boiled dry. Breeches became red hot on the Spandaus so nicknamed for the Berlin factory where they were made. Barrels soon wore out, having been fired long after their replacement design of 5,000 rounds.

Frantic gunners cranked in new ammunition belts, then started their Spandaus chattering again, relentlessly cutting down fresh targets in the next wave of young soldiers stumbling to their deaths over their comrades' bodies.

The ferocity and volume of the defensive fire was an unexpected shock to the British troops. General Sir Douglas Haig, along with other leaders who planned the assault, had assured them it would be "a walkover," an easy victory in view of the overwhelmingly heavy artillery bombardment planned for the German trenches. Seven huge mines also had been exploded under the German positions minutes before Zero Hour to demoralize the enemy even more. In all, Allied guns fired 1,508,652 shells in a pre-attack barrage that lasted five days and nights. Frederick Palmer, the American correspondent and author, described the massive bombardment this way:

"After dark, the scene from a hill as you rode towards the horizon of flashes was one of incredible grandeur. As you looked towards the German lines, the blanket of night was pierced and slashed by the flashes of gun blasts; overhead the bloodcurdling hoarse sweep of their projectiles; and beyond, the darkness had been turned into a chaotic, uncanny day by the jumping, leaping, spreading blaze of explosives which made all objects on the landscape stand out in flickering silhouette. Spurts of flame from the great shells rose out of the bowels of the earth, softening with their glow the sharp, concentrated, vicious snaps of light from shrapnel. Little flashes played among big flashes, and flashes laid over flashes shingle-fashion in a riot of lurid competition, while along the line of German trenches at some places lay a haze of shimmering flame from the rapid fire of our trench mortars."

The observer's mind, said Palmer, was "numbed by the display." And the purpose? The purpose "was to cut the Germans' barbed wire, smash their trenches, penetrate their dugouts, close up their communications, bury their machine guns, crush each rallying strong-point in that maze of warrens, lay a barrier of death across all roads and, in the midst



German storm troopers rest, leaving one man to stand vigil. These trench fighters were also probably called upon to endure the British bombardment, so that their comrades underground could be called to their stations once the shelling ceased.

of the process of killing and wounding, imprison the men of the front line beyond relief by fresh troops and shut them off from food and munitions."

In fact, though, very little of the enemy's wire had been cut. As for vast German casualties, the majority of defenders was unharmed, huddling safely 40 feet below ground in deep, bomb-proof bunkers to wait out the shellfire. Underground there were comfortable barracks, even dining rooms with paneled walls, plus electric lights, hospital wards, rails for ammunition trucks, and artillery observation posts.

Half-deafened but mainly unscathed, the Germans were ready when the bombardment ceased, springing up to man their weapons as the British troops came within range—and the great slaughter began.

Thus, everything had gone wrong from the start, not a bit the way it was planned.

In the second year of the war, both sides were at a standstill, facing each other in trenches that stretched from the Belgian coast to the Swiss Alps. One of the most striking features of this line was a bulge formed by a German position called the Noyon Salient. It was a seemingly invincible position above a long slope, dominating the British positions along the Somme's north bank. This gentle river of shallow channels, low islets and marshy swampland had always been an important military barrier, as far back as Roman times. In the spring of 1916, the enemy bulge against the ancient line became the focus of plans for a massive attack by General Haig, British Commander-in-Chief on the Western Front.

In fact, the sector had been first suggested by French Commander General Joseph "Papa" Joffre, who wanted the British to get involved in a major new battle to help relieve the pressure his own army had felt at Verdun since February. He proposed a concerted offensive, with the French objective being Péronne and the British, a drive for Bapaume.

He liked the idea of the Somme as the jumping-off point because both Allied lines met at the river bank. Joffre con-

sidered the ground to be "favorable to a powerful offensive."

Initially, Haig resisted the site, preferring instead an attack in Belgium, supported by amphibious landings behind enemy lines. However, he was eventually swayed by the adamant Joffre. As Britain's *Official History* noted later: "Haig unvaryingly met the French wishes wherever possible. . . . The Somme battle was fought not only on the ground and day selected by the French, but at the very hour selected by them; and that neither place, nor date or time was what the British Commander-in-Chief would have chosen."

The particular spot accepted so reluctantly by Haig was actually the very worst possible place to attack. Since it long had been a relatively quiet sector, the Germans had had ample time in the past two years to prepare it against any assault. By mid-1916, their Somme line was heavily fortified with a perfectly sited defensive network of hundreds of interlocking strong points, redoubts, machine-gun nests and artillery positions, each on spurs overlooking each other to provide a huge volume of crossfire. The enemy preparations were fully known to the generals of the Allied high command, yet they went ahead anyway, planning a shoulder-to-shoulder joint offensive they breezily dubbed "The Big Push." The idea was for the French to attack all along the front south of the Somme bend, in concert with a British assault to the north of the river that would punch through enemy lines and wheel north into open country in the German rear. Then, with Haig's beloved cavalry leading, the Allies would triumphantly race side by side for Berlin.

Not only were they nigh-impregnable, but the German positions along the ridge looked right down into the British lines—British preparations were clearly revealed. Reports went each day to German headquarters, keeping it well-apprised of the British moves. When the colossal bombardment started on June 24, orders came forward for German troops to go underground, except for a few hundred luckless sentries detailed to watch from the parapets. The alarm was to be given



British Tommies bring in wounded German prisoners on the third day, July 3. All combatants look equally benumbed by their common ordeal.

for stand-to whenever any lull in firing presaged the expected British assault. A German listening post even intercepted a telephone message sent at 2:45 a.m. on Zero Day, in which a general urged all ranks to "hold tight to every yard gained in the day's coming attack."

There were other more obvious indications, too. "That morning, we could see masses of steel helmets inside the British lines, crowding far back along the communications and reserve trenches," one German observer wrote. "We knew they were coming even before their guns lifted to shell our rear."

Many leading British battalions were decimated seconds after going over the top. Their dead bodies showered back down into their own trenches or piled up along the parapets, impeding second-wave troops trying to follow. They died when clumped to file through the few gaps in the wire, where the Spandaus were already registered. And many more died when they got through to march in open order toward the enemy.

Hopeless as the ordinary soldier's plight was, officers fared even worse. Taught to expose their positions recklessly for the sake of leadership, officer casualties were often six times greater than those of other ranks. Subalterns and captains died in droves, either picked off by snipers watching for British officers or machine-gunned as they strode gallantly ahead of their men. A very large proportion of battalion commanders also became casualties, nearly all having chosen to disregard orders to stay behind in their dugouts. Time and again, they had contacted their brigadiers, pleading to

call off attacks which were proving suicidal. "No, you must stick to the plan, to the letter," they were told. Hopelessly, lieutenant colonels would order their last remaining reserve companies forward—and go out to die with them.

Most of the British losses came during the very first hour, a bloody 60 minutes in which almost 30,000 men were killed or wounded. Eighty percent of the leading units had become casualties within 10 minutes after Zero Hour. The slaughter was so great, some Germans became almost intoxicated with the volume of easy killing. Laughing hysterically, they even stood on top of their own parapets to take better aim at the packed enemy ranks writhing helplessly under their fire.

They were heard screaming: "Come on now, Tommy! Come and die!" And the British made tempting, slow-moving targets, indeed. Every infantryman was heavily laden with regulation "fighting order"—steel helmet, entrenching tool, ground sheet, water bottle, haversack with personal kit and rations, two gas helmets, wire cutters, field dressing and two or more bandoliers of ammunition, plus a rifle and bayonet. In all, a load weighing 66 pounds. In reality, it was much heavier, as various extra items were distributed for men to carry, including hand grenades, Lewis gun magazines, picks and shovels, flags and pennants, sandbags, carrier pigeon boxes, ladders and scaling poles. According to the *Official History*: "The total weight made it difficult to get out of a trench, impossible to move quicker than a slow walk, or to rise and lie down quickly. This overloading of the men by many infantry officers is regarded as one of the principal reasons for the heavy losses and failure of their battalions, for their men could not get through the machine-gun zone with sufficient speed."

An officer of the German 180 Regiment recalled: "When the leading British line was within a hundred yards, the rattle of machine-gun and rifle broke out along the whole line of shell holes. Some of us fired kneeling so as to get a better target, whilst others in the excitement of the moment stood up regardless of their own safety to fire into the crowd in front of them. All along the line, men could be seen to fall, and the rear formations moving in close formation began to scatter. Badly wounded rolled about in their agony, and others crawled to the nearest shell hole for safety. The British sol-

NO WORDS WOULD DO

"Hans is dead," wrote a young German soldier from the Battle of the Somme. "Fritz is dead. Wilhelm is dead. There are many others. I am now quite alone in the company. God grant we may soon be relieved. Our losses are dreadful."

And so, as the lament says, they were. Not only the British, but the German enemy also suffered terribly in possibly the greatest single calamity of World War I.

So horrifying was this battlefield that even the British *Official History* could not find adequate words for it: "Our vocabulary is not adapted to describe such an existence [as on the battlefields of the Somme by the end of 1916], because it is outside experience for which words are normally required."

In terms of strategy, the historian can argue that the Allied offensive was a success, albeit a horrendous one for all concerned. For the British especially, it was a "success," despite the price paid.

The stupendous British losses on the first day of the Somme offensive have obscured what was accomplished in the following 140 days, says John Terraine in his *The First World War, 1914-18*. The "full truth," he writes, "cannot be grasped without paying full and due attention to the 140 days which followed that dreadful opening; during them the British Army inflicted their first major defeat upon the Germans, and carried forward by a huge stride the process of grinding-down, which ultimately brought Germany's collapse."

The same process gave the British "the leading role on the Western Front that [Field Marshal Sir Douglas] Haig had foreseen for them, but whose cost his fellow countrymen had never dreamed of counting."

Thus, the strategy was similar to U.S. Grant's costly sledgehammer blows against Robert E. Lee at the Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor, in the final year of the American Civil War. "Grant has been as severely criti-

dier, however, has no lack of courage, and once his hand is set to the plough, he is not easily turned from his purpose. Instead of a leisurely walk, they began to cover the ground in short rushes at the double, with fixed bayonets. . . . The shouting of orders and the shrill cheers as the British charged forward could be heard above the intense fusillade of machine guns and bursting bombs. All this mingled with the moans of the wounded and the last screams for help. Again and again, the extended lines of British infantry broke against the German defense like waves on a cliff, only to be beaten back."

Meanwhile, first word of the battle was being received by General Sir Douglas Haig sitting by the telephone at Chateau de Valion at Beauquesne, his forward headquarters. The first news must have been reassuring, as he confidently wrote in his diary: "Reports up to 8 [a.m.] seem most satisfactory."

Even before less optimistic reports arrived from corps commanders, however, he must have seen with his own eyes the grim indication of how badly things were going. All nearby roads passing his headquarters became clogged with ambulances full of stricken men, or with the limping columns of walking wounded. Strangely enough, the reports that came in throughout most of the day gave such a confusing and contradictory picture that the real result of the battle remained unclear until late evening.

One of those who could have made a better battle-front report was Captain Siegfried Sassoon MC, later to write the classic *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*. He led a wire-clearing party of The Royal Welsh Fusiliers that day and soon after described the scene in his diary:

"I am staring at a sunlit picture of Hell, and still the breeze shakes the yellow weeds, and poppies grow where some shells fell a few minutes ago. Weather cloudless and hot. . . . Manchesterers left New Trench, many walked casually across with sloped arms. There were about forty casualties on the left. Through my glasses, I could see one man moving his left arm up and down as he lay on his side; his face was a crimson patch. Others lay still in the sunlight while the swarm of figures disappeared over the hill. At 2:50 p.m. nothing to be seen in No Man's Land but the casualties."

Witnesses constantly remarked later about the mind-

cized as Haig. Nevertheless, his decision marked the beginning of the end of the Confederacy," adds Terraine.

As another analogy, the British did to the Germans at the Somme what the Germans had planned for the French at Verdun the very same year—to bleed the enemy white. So notes Terraine, and he notes also that an inflexible German reaction only added to the cost on both sides. "It was a set principle in the German Army not to yield ground. Every British (or French) gain was followed by immediate counterattack; if the first failed, another was instantly put in. Thus every yard had to be fought over time and again. This was what gave the battle its peculiarly horrible character, and this was what ultimately broke the German spirit."

If the Somme broke the Germans and thus by simplistic extension perhaps even won the war for the Allies, neither that end nor the price being paid was immediately apparent. "German losses will never be known,

partly because of the destruction of records, but mainly because during this period the Germans resorted for the first time to deliberate subterfuge to conceal the damage done to them."

Estimates of German casualties run as high as 650,000, but whatever the true figure, the fact is that the Germans now prepared their Hindenburg Line to the rear and retreated to it in February of 1917.

"The reason was the dreadful damage done to their army," Terraine said.

In Britain, meanwhile, the appalling truth only later dawned. "But when at last the British public learned what the loss of life had been in that short span of time [the first day of the Somme offensive]," says Terraine, "the paroxysm was tremendous. Its effects were felt all through the Second World War, influencing British strategy; they are still felt in Britain today."

Not only Hans and Fritz and Wilhelm, but Tommy, too, was dead.

Richard P. Montpelier



A British heavy gun, its axle bent under the weight, keeps up the relentless shelling. Undermining the Germans with huge explosive charges also failed to crack their defense.

numbing sight of tens of thousands of bodies lying everywhere in the sunshine. Far more khaki-clad dead and wounded were to be seen than those in field gray. The German dead were mostly hidden within their trenches, where they had been caught by artillery shells or the rifles of such British troops as had reached that far. The casualties in the open lay still or squirmed in agony, screaming for water or medical aid amidst the incredible litter of the battlefield.

Strangely noticeable, too, was the great volume of paper, maps and letters that fluttered among the bodies. But the combined variety of litter was immense. Shell cases and smoldering uniforms were mixed with the churned earth. Countless splintered rifles stuck up in the chalky soil, and mortars poked their mud-filled split barrels from toppled trench walls of sandbags.

Crumpled aircraft wrecks were to be seen in No Man's Land, too. But the infantryman's detritus was the most common—discarded packs, scaling ladders and rolls of barbed wire. Ration cartons, rum jars, bundles of rocket flares, empty ammunition boxes, unraveled bandages, webbing equipment, bandoliers of bullets, Mills bombs, map cases, splintered wheel-carts and thousands of unexploded shells lay all around. But worst of all was the profusion of bodies, an unbelievably lavish waste of mankind, modern war gone mad along the death-strewn Somme front.

Among what must have been thousands of incidents of individual courage, nine Victoria Crosses were won that day—by men of the Green Howards,



For months after the bloody shock of the initial attack, the offensive continued. In August, 8-inch howitzers of the 39th Siege Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery, add to the futile effort to grind down the German defenses.

West Yorkshire Regiment, Royal Irish Rifles, Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers, Royal Irish Fusiliers, Royal Army Medical Corps, Seaforth Highlanders and the Highland Light Infantry. Of all the battalions taking part, 32 of them suffered more than 500 casualties each.

Keeping in mind that battalions had average posted strengths of 30 officers and 700 men, the following are typical of losses on June 1, 1916: 8th Kings Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, casualties, 21 officers, 518 men; 8th York & Lancaster, 21 officers, 576 men; 11th Sherwood Foresters, 17 and 420; 2nd Royal Berkshires, 27 and 347; 2nd Lincolns, 21 and 450; 1st Royal Irish Rifles, 17 and 429; 2nd West Yorkshire, 8 and 421; 2nd Middlesex lost 22 officers, 601 men. Worst hit of all was the 10th West Yorkshires, losing 710 officers and men.

So it went, all along the line of attack. Despite such losses, stories of gallantry were legion, but told as part of tragedy. A brave band of Northumberland Fusiliers somehow managed to storm and occupy a German redoubt, only to be destroyed by flame throwers. Two companies of Green Howards were slain at the moment of triumph in a trench they cleared, when a single machine gun caught them in enfilade. The bodies of more than a hundred Lancashire Fusiliers were later found amidst a huge ring of bayoneted enemies. The 36th (Ulster) Division made the farthest advances of the day and earned four Victoria Crosses in the process. Though the pugnacious Ulstermen managed for a while to take and hold portions of the Schwaben Redoubt near Thiepval, the few hundred survivors who eventually staggered back testified to the grim cost of Irish bravery, a 50-percent casualty rate. Even now, the anniversary of the June 1 battle is observed as a sad day of mourning in Northern Ireland.

Perhaps most terrible was the fate of the entire Newfoundland Regiment. These gallant men from Britain's oldest colony (not then part of Canada) were volunteers all, some of whom had previously seen action at Gallipoli. They set off in mid-morning, unquestioningly obeying orders to make a frontal attack on the enemy line opposite Beaumont Hamel.

They were so keen, they set off over open ground from a reserve trench, rather than be delayed by going the safer route through congested communications trenches. The battalion of 752 Newfoundlanders came under fire immediately, the ranks taking heavy losses as they advanced in full view of the Germans in Y Ravine. Then they began to pass through narrow gaps in the barbed wire, spots well-registered in the sights of waiting Spandaus. Within minutes, the gaps were choked with dead and dying men, and the battalion ceased to exist—91-percent casualties, 26 officers and 658 men killed or wounded. Today, their bronze memorial in the shape of a caribou is one of the most haunting sights along the old Western Front.

Despite the appalling losses, more and more British soldiers were ordered to attack. Before noon, General Sir Henry Rawlinson, commander of the Fourth Army, had fed in 129 battalions, more than 100,000 men. One of every two soldiers was a casualty; three out of four officers. By sundown of that terrible First of July, Britain had suffered its most calamitous losses ever in a single day's battle—60,000 casualties. In all, 19,240 soldiers were dead, and an additional 40,000 wounded, captured or missing.

When he heard that the casualty figures already exceeded 40,000 and were still rising, Haig commented: "This cannot be considered severe, in view of the numbers engaged." Even

after all the news of horror was in on the evening of July 1, Haig instructed General Rawlinson to continue the attack next day, with no change in plans. Yet more slaughter was to follow, as General Haig turned his mind to a war of attrition against the German enemy.

The battle rumbled on for another 4½ months, involving battalions from nearly every regiment of the British Army and five divisions of the Dominions—two Canadian, two Australian and one from New Zealand. All took grievous losses, but the South African Brigade was so butchered at Delville Wood that the ground is consecrated in its perpetual memory. Seemingly learning nothing, Haig repeatedly flung troops into the meat grinder. Time and again, preliminary bombardments were followed by brave, futile infantry attacks against massed machine guns and artillery. The Germans, too, suffered hideously high casualties as an equally obdurate General Erich von Falkenhayn ordered massive counter-attacks. When winter weather finally brought the offensive to a standstill in November 1916, the British casualties numbered 481,842 against the German 236,194. (Some estimates place the German loss at a much higher figure.) For this cost, the British front line had advanced a mere four miles.

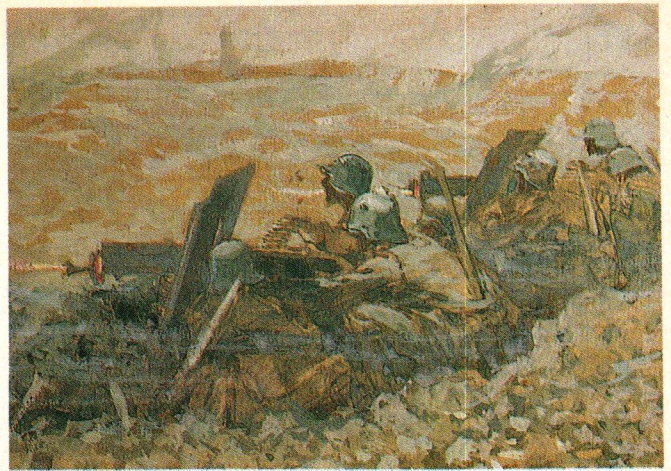
The following New Year, Haig was promoted to Field Marshal by King George V, despite the efforts of Prime Minister Lloyd George to have the C-in-C sacked. Haig continued with similar tactics in 1917, when British and Empire forces were butchered at Second Ypres. As if the Somme had never happened, he kept ordering masses of troops into a hell of mud and shells, costing another 244,897 casualties before Passchendaele was captured by Canadian troops.

After the war, he received an Earldom and the award of £100,000 from Parliament, and accepted dozens of glittering decorations from Allied countries. He served briefly as commander of the British occupation army in Germany and was in great demand for a while as speechmaker at the dedications of numerous war memorials. He accompanied King George on the "Royal Pilgrimage" to Western Front battlefields in 1922, then left the Army, retired.

Alone amongst all the World War I senior generals, Haig was never appointed to any public position as reward for his services. While his previous subordinates became colonial governors, high commissioners, or Members of Parliament, the British government quietly snubbed the general responsible for the Somme and Passchendaele. It is difficult to know whatever emotion underlay that impassive Scot, but his own written memoirs express neither remorse nor self-doubt about having presided over the most costly battle of British arms. He claimed vindication of his Somme tactics in that they had quickly relieved the beleaguered French at Verdun and taken pressure off other allies on the Italian and Russian fronts. Any one of these achievements, he said, justified his mass-attack policy of attrition.

For the next decade, he was generally ignored by the general public of a nation more concerned with its collective bereavement, while also struggling for existence in the "land fit for heroes" the politicians had promised. So the old soldier busied himself in veterans' affairs and helped organize formation of the British Legion. Though widely disliked in Britain, he continued to enjoy remarkable loyalty among many ex-servicemen until his death in 1928. Today, an imposing statue to Earl Field Marshal Haig, "architect of the Somme," stands in London's Whitehall—not far from the National Cenotaph honoring the British Empire's one and a quarter million war dead. □

Sidney Allinson writes from Canada, where he serves as editor of two publications issued by the Royal Canadian Military Institute. As further readings, please try *The First World War, 1914-18*, by John Terraine and *The Real War, 1914-1918*, by Basil H. Liddell Hart.



TOP: German Maxim machine guns pour fire into the advancing British. Some positions were overrun because the cooling jackets of their guns boiled dry and the barrels wore out. MIDDLE: An officer leads his lads over the top. An instant later, the third man from the right was hit. ABOVE: In the relatively meager shelter of a British trench, medics tend to the wounded while, yards away, the slaughter goes on.

DEFIANCE REWARDED

Clumsy as they might have appeared, the PBY Flying Boats guarding Alaska and the Aleutians repeatedly struck at the Japanese invasion force. One found a downed Zero—intact!

Interview by Joseph S. Rychetnik

It was only a feint, meant to divert American attention from the real target—Midway. For the Japanese, though, the phony punch at the Aleutian Islands was by far the more successful.

At Midway, they were driven off with the loss of four carriers, a turning point for the Pacific War. In the Aleutians that same week of June 1942, they landed troops and occupied two islands in a barren, wind-swept chain that could threaten Alaska. It would be May of 1943 before the American 7th Infantry Division recaptured Attu Island as climax to a difficult and costly invasion. It would be August of 1943 before a combined U.S. and Canadian invasion force landed on Kiska, only to find that its Japanese occupiers secretly had been evacuated some days before.

The developments in 1943 ended the apparent threat to North America's northern Pacific flank—a threat that never really developed after the Japanese seizure of Attu and Kiska, since they occupied the end of a lengthy supply line from Japan. After Midway, their fleet strength considerably reduced, the Japanese had their hands full in the central and southwestern Pacific in any case.

For the thin American forces guarding Alaska and the Aleutians chain, however, the enemy threat to the northern Pacific in early 1942 was very real. In early June, while larger forces fought the distant Battle of Midway, the threat materialized in the form of a small and isolated war for the American ground, air and naval personnel trying to fend off a very real Japanese invasion force.

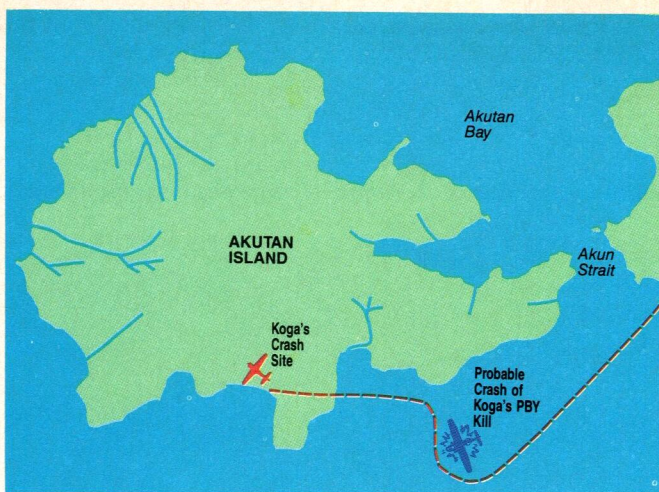
Arriving on June 3 and 4, the Japanese came with a carrier strike force under Admiral Moshio Hosogaya. They first mounted air strikes against the American air and naval base at Dutch Harbor on the island of Unalaska, then landed their ground forces on Attu and Kiska, 150 miles to the west, three days later.

One of the American defenders caught up in the whirlwind of battle was Bill Thies, a young U.S. Navy PBY pilot who, like many others, did his job under trying circumstances,



A common sight in the Aleutians—a crash-landed airplane, in this case a P-38 whose pilot was lucky enough to make the chilly trek home on his own two feet. Such crackups were more often the result of foul weather and treacherous terrain than combat. One less fortunate crash victim was Petty Officer Tadayoshi Koga from the aircraft carrier Junyo, whose airplane would become something of more than passing interest.





TOP: On June 4, 1942, Petty Officer Koga downed a PBY near Akutan Island, but an oil leak from his victim's return fire sets a series of events in motion that would lead to his death and the capture of his Mitsubishi A6M2 Zero fighter. MIDDLE: Two warehouses burn in the wake of the Japanese raid on Dutch Harbor as firefighters battle the flames. ABOVE: Lieutenant William Thies, in light-colored shirt, stands on the belly of Koga's Zero as the Akutan exploratory party examines his "find."

earned his combat decorations, but also—as a footnote to history—was very instrumental in the first American recovery of an intact Japanese Zero.

Rychetnik: Do you recall your early days as a Navy Aviation cadet?

Thies: You know, I had always wanted to fly. Ever since Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic in 1927, I had wanted to fly. When the Navy started the AvCad (Aviation Cadet) program at Maryland, I signed up and qualified for entry when I received my engineering degree. That was required as there was a lot of math to be understood. They gave us a good physical. You had to have perfect teeth and everything else in those days. We were shipped to Floyd Bennett Field, the New York Naval Air Station in Brooklyn. A tough old Marine taught us our military basics, and we went through ground school before learning to fly the Yellow Peril.

Rychetnik: What was the Yellow Peril?

Thies: This was the Naval Aircraft Factory's idea of the basic trainer, a two-winged forerunner of the famous Stearman, called the N3N. We had to solo in 10 hours of flight training. I did very well right from the start and had no worries about getting through the program. When we graduated from Bennett, or E School as they called it, more than half the entering class had been eliminated.

Rychetnik: Where did they send you next?

Thies: They sent me to the hospital and I almost died. I was home on leave in Washington, D.C., when I came down with typhoid fever. The doctors told me I would be lucky to survive, as many people were dying of this tropical disease. They assured me that if I did survive, I would never fly. I told them I would make it, and I did. Then the Navy made me take a week-long medical examination with everything they could think of before okaying me for Pensacola. The dream of flying for the Navy never left me. It pulled me through those weeks in bed.

Rychetnik: When you got to Pensacola, you were a class behind your comrades and looking forward to two years of flight school. Did you feel you would make it?

Thies: We all wanted to be fighter pilots and wear the Wings of Gold, so we charged into the training. The air wars were being fought in Europe then, the Battle of Britain, and we knew that America would get into it and we'd be the first to fight. I had no problems in flight school and received my wings and my commission in 1940. I pulled hard for fighter school—we could see the Navy's first single-wing fighter, the Grumman F4F Wildcat, being tested, and we all wanted one. But it was not to be. There were plenty of fighter pilots and no planes for them, we were told. The need was for patrol bomber pilots, and all of us were sent back to school to learn to fly the flying boats, the PBYs the Navy had.

Rychetnik: What was your first fleet assignment after that?

Thies: I had gotten married just after I got my wings, but we kept that a secret, as it was not allowed. I got orders to join Patrol Wing 4 at Sand Point, Seattle. We both went up on the train. I was in VP-41, a PBY-5 squadron that rotated sections through bases in Alaska, where the Navy expected trouble from the Japanese. I learned to fly the 5A and was sent up to Sitka and then Kodiak. The VP-41 also had planes at Dutch Harbor. I took my wife to Kodiak, where she lived with other service wives just before Pearl Harbor.

Rychetnik: Where were you when they hit Pearl Harbor?

Thies: We were listening to the news on the radio in Kodiak when the report came in. The base was put on alert, and my first wartime assignment was to fly a patrol with another PBY southwest out of Kodiak into the North Pacific. I almost ended my career there.

Rychetnik: What happened?

Thies: The other plane had trouble with its wingtip floats. Couldn't get them up, so we had to fly at a low altitude. We



In the midst of a "williwaw," ground crews perform maintenance on a PBY-5A prior to patrol. The Aleutian airmen adapted to the treacherous weather with difficulty; one pilot swore he saw a weary and disheartened seagull riding his plane's wing.

flew together heading out when I spotted the biggest warship I ever had seen up to then. I checked the Japanese ship ID book we carried, and my crew and I agreed we had a Japanese battle cruiser under us. We were carrying four 500-pound GP (general purpose) bombs, and I armed them while going in on my first attack. The other PBY couldn't get up with us. He told me he would fly by the "battle cruiser" and spot my hits. I started the bomb run, and the bombardier, a first-class ordnanceman, was just lining up the Norden bomb sight when we got a frantic call from the other PBY. He told us the ship was an American destroyer! Obviously, I didn't know one ship from another, since I didn't have all that Annapolis training. It looked like a battle cruiser to us, and I had called into Kodiak telling them I was attacking.

Rychetnik: What did you do then?

Thies: I had to tell Kodiak that it wasn't the enemy fleet arriving in Alaska. Later we learned that the alarm had gone out—my wife and other wives were herded into a powerhouse, and the Marines and Army took defensive positions around the air station. And now I radioed in that it was not a Japanese ship, but an American DD. But they didn't believe me!

Rychetnik: What do you mean?

Thies: The Navy brass in Kodiak thought it was a trap, that the Japanese had picked up the original message and now wanted to put the base off guard. The Kodiak radio operator

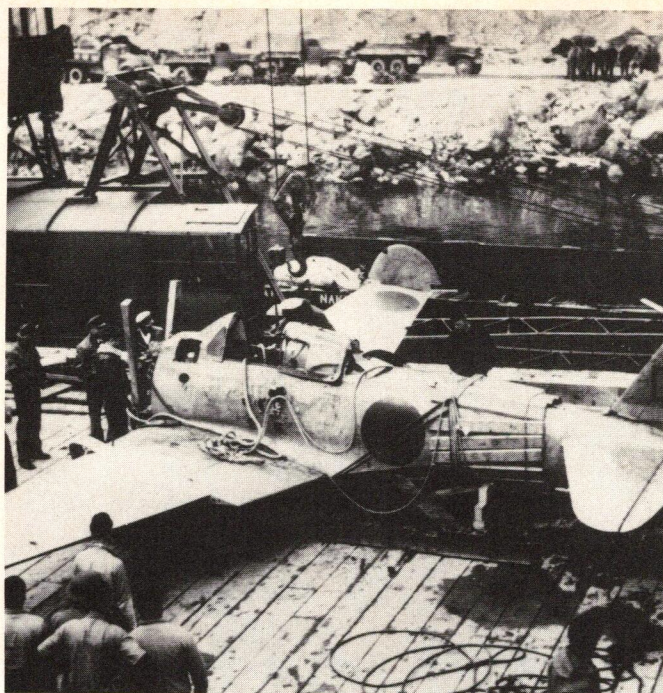
asked me for my first name. I told them William. Then they asked me for my middle name—Bill was pretty common in the Navy. My middle name was not common. It is Nouris, and I spelled it out. Only then did they realize I was reporting a true story. I caught a little flack when I got back to base, but what if I *had* dropped those four bombs on the destroyer?

Rychetnik: What was a typical patrol like out of Kodiak and Dutch Harbor before the Japanese finally came?

Thies: Because of the need to keep watch on the Japanese, which Intelligence knew were headed our way sooner or later, we flew almost every other day, weather permitting. The typical flight was 12 hours, but we had some that took 16 hours.

Rychetnik: What was the crew like then—did you know them all?

Thies: The crew was 10 or 12 men, depending on the mission. I was the Patrol Plane Commander, and I had a copilot who was an officer and another copilot, usually a NAP—a Naval Air Pilot. He was a very experienced enlisted pilot who could have been a first-class or a chief aviation machinist mate or naval aviator. The only other officers would be the navigator and his assistant. The top enlisted man was the engineer or crew chief, who could be a chief petty officer or first class, and he would have one or two assistants for the long patrols. The bombardier was usually an aviation ordnanceman with training on the Norden bomb sight. Then there was the ra-



Sledged from the marshy muskeg of Akutan, Koga's Zero lies with wingtips folded on a barge at Dutch Harbor. The engine was removed prior to its recovery.

dio operator and his one or two assistants for the long flights. The assistants would man the five machine guns we carried. While we were flying, there would always be a crew in the bunks catching shut-eye. The plane was noisy and cold and slow, but it was dependable.

Rychetnik: You flew the PBV-5A. What kind of airplane was it?

Thies: It was the latest model of the Consolidated patrol bomber equipped with retractable tricycle landing gear. This would allow us to land at sea and taxi up on the beach or land on a hard-packed runway like an ordinary airplane. The wheels down would help us stabilize the boat when we were taxiing long distances. It had two Pratt and Whitney 1,200-horsepower engines in the wing over the boat that were very dependable. The plane could even fly on one engine. The latest models had the British ASV radar and some armor for the pilots and the gunners. The wings had racks for two bombs or depth charges on each wing or a torpedo on each wing. The waist blisters each had a .50-caliber Browning machine gun and a twin .30-caliber Browning in the stinger just behind the stepped hull. There was a .30-caliber Browning in the nose turret, but armament varied with the squadron and mission.

Rychetnik: Who found the Japanese fleet first?

Thies: VP-41 had patrols out of Dutch Harbor, a half-finished naval base in the Aleutians chain, on June 3, 1942, when the Japanese came north to create a diversion for their attack on Midway. They had the carriers *Juno* and *Ryugo* loaded with Kates, Vals and Zero fighters and planned to destroy the Dutch

Harbor base. The PBV that found the Japanese fleet was shot down and the crew captured, and another PBV was hit. But the word got back with a position report, and we moved what we could out of the area. We had no fighters. The Army had some P-40s and P-39s nearby, but our weather was always so bad you could not count on them getting through to protect the new base. The first enemy strike clobbered most of the base and set fire to the gasoline supply.

Rychetnik: What happened then?

Thies: We knew they would be back, as they didn't get our planes. Nor was the field closed. They came back the next day and bombed again, killing and injuring nearly 100 Navy and civilian contractor personnel. The PBVs hid out in coves around the area. On the second raid, the Japanese unknowingly formed up for the flight back to the carriers over a top-secret Army air base on Unmak Island. The Army sent up a lot of planes, and some Vals and Kates were shot down, but the Zeros got a lot of P-39s and P-40s. The Zero was a very nimble fighter, and anyone who thought they could out-dogfight it ended up swimming that day. We later learned that one Zero, flown by Petty Officer Tadayoshi Koga, found itself over an inlet with a circling PBV below. He swooped down and shot the plane down and then strafed the survivors as they tried to make shore. He took some return fire from the PBV, and when he set out to return to his carrier he found an oil leak. Rather than chance the flight over the frigid North Pacific, Koga decided to ditch the Zero on a nearby island where the Japanese had decided to collect all such ditched pilots. They then would move them back to the fleet by submarine two days later. They knew every nook and cranny of the Aleutians after many years of gathering this information from fishing boats and surveys made by Navy vessels working the isolated area. Koga headed for the island of Akutan, picked out a flat spot near the beach, let his wheels down and landed. But the flat spot was swampy muskeg, and his wheels caught in the muck and turned his light little fighter over on top of him. The plane was hardly damaged but the

WORKHORSE OF THE AIR

The high-wing, twin-engine, long-range flying boat had been in development for at least 20 years before the ultimate variant arrived just before World War II began. From PBV-1 to PBV-5, the development had been mainly in more powerful Pratt and Whitney radial engines, a more stable tail structure, and additional gasoline storage.

When the first PBV-5A emerged from the Consolidated plant and was presented to the Navy in November 1939, it was the end of a long line of flying boats—and the beginning of the *amphibious* version. The 5A signified a retractable tricycle landing gear that was useful for both beaching a landed flying boat or landing directly on a hard-surfaced runway. The lowered wheels also added seagoing stability.

More than half of the wartime PBV production was in the amphibious version, with most of America's allies accepting the excellent patrol boat as she was. The Russians took three and received a license to build as many as they needed. They used their version

of the Wright Cyclone engine and built 150 such planes.

The British found the plane ideal for coastal and long-range patrol and named it the Catalina, in keeping with their need for easily remembered nicknames. The Canadians called their version the Canso.

Although a 6A version emerged from the San Diego plant in 1945 (based on the Naval Aircraft Factory's version, the PBN-1 or Nomad), the 5 and 5A were the most commonly seen PBVs around the world.

The P&W Double Wasp 14-cylinder engines churned up 1,200 horsepower each and should have moved the boat a bit faster than the typical 175-mph top speed. The addition of more gas tanks, armor for pilots and gunners, advanced radar and increased ammo storage kept the speed down, but the range remained about 2,500 miles. It was the workhorse of all patrol planes, used in all theaters, flown by all services except the U.S. Marines, and well regarded by the pilots and crew whose lives depended on its reliability.

In the Aleutian-Alaskan theater, the

upside-down cockpit was under water, and Koga drowned.

Rychetnik: Where were you when all this was going on?

Thies: We heard about the Zero shooting down the PBV and strafing the crew. We were glad we had been hiding out elsewhere. The next day we went out on a long patrol to track the Japanese fleet. We didn't find them in our sector, as they headed west to land their Marines and Army at Kiska. It was a rough flight—we bucked headwinds all night coming back to Dutch Harbor. The navigator didn't get a shot at the sun until well after dawn, and we were 240 miles off course. I kept heading north to find something that looked familiar. We ran into the Shumagin Islands and I turned the plane west, toward Dutch Harbor.

Rychetnik: Now, I hear these were the luckiest moments of your Navy life. What happened?

Thies: When we found the islands, everyone was relieved. My enlisted copilot, George Raptist, was still airsick from the rough flight over the North Pacific. He went to the port waist gun and was vomiting outside the aircraft as I flew up the middle of the islands headed home. Normally I flew along the beach, but for some reason that day I flew up the middle and Raptist got me on the intercom and told me to turn to port—he had seen a plane down on the grass. I went back, and we all saw what looked like an upside-down Zero buried in the muskeg. I marked the spot on my chart, and we flew into Dutch Harbor. I didn't see that plane when we flew over it the first time, and we would have missed it if Raptist wasn't hanging his head out heaving his guts.

Rychetnik: What happened then?

Thies: We made our report, and I went over to see the squadron skipper about the Zero in the swamp grass. I told him, Commander Paul Foley, that it looked like it was in perfect shape, and wouldn't it be something if we could get this first Japanese Zero into Navy hands? Foley told me he had other things to think about, since the Japanese were landing on the outer Aleutians and he was short-handed.

Rychetnik: What did you do?

typical patrol flight ran from 12 to 16 hours. The size of the crew reflected the long time airborne. In 1942 the Catalinas of VP 41 and 42, based in Kodiak, Dutch Harbor, Cold Bay and at bases created around the seaplane tenders *Gillis* and *Casco* (the latter when advancing on Kiska), had 10 to 12 men aboard to handle the long flights.

The patrol plane commander, the chief pilot, was almost always an officer. He had two copilots, one of them usually a "NAP" or Naval Air Pilot who was an enlisted man. The navigator and assistant navigator were officers. Other crew consisted of the chief or engineer and two assistants who were enlisted men. The radioman was usually a chief petty officer or first-class rating, as was the assistant radioman. The bombardier was enlisted, usually an aviation ordnanceman of high rating who had mastered the Norden bomb sight.

During combat, the assistants would man the five machine guns—a .50-caliber Browning in each waist blister; a single or twin .30-caliber Browning in the nose.

The mission at hand dictated armament and bomb load. Most Aleutian patrol flights were loaded with either four 500-pound depth charges hung under the wings or four 500-pound GP bombs. Seldom did the Catalina carry a torpedo under each wing since in the bad weather of the Aleutians a torpedo run would be suicidal. The bombardier used either an intervalometer to spread the bomb release or the patrol plane commander would use a dive-bombing technique to deliver his ordnance on target through the ever-present thick cloud deck.

Bill Thies preferred dive-bombing when called upon to mount an attack upon the Japanese fleet.

Catalinas could take a tremendous amount of damage from either the enemy or the environment before breaking up. The difficult Aleutian weather, such as the wild winds called "Wiliwaws" and the fog, did as much to ground the VP squadrons as the aggressive Japanese Zero pilot. After the Kiska campaign, it might be added both sides mutually agreed to fight the war elsewhere.



Arming his plane with four 500-pound bombs, Lieutenant William Thies added a new and unlikely role to the versatile PBV's repertoire: dive bomber.

Thies: I pestered the heck out of him, reminding him that the Zero was a secret plane and we might learn something by bringing it out. I offered to lead a crew into Akutan and check it out. Finally he caved in and told me to get some rest and then my crew and I could take a motorboat over there, about 12 miles, and check the Zero out. We got over there the next morning but couldn't see the plane from the beach. We marched in, armed to the teeth—I had a Tommy gun and

others had pistols and M-1s, as we figured the pilot might be around—but we didn't see anyone and just barely found the plane after wading a mile and a half through the swamp. The Zero was upside-down in about two feet of water, but the ground under that was soft and it had sunk in.

Rychetnik: What did you do then?

Thies: We tried to move the plane upright, but it was too boggy. We saw the pilot was still in the cockpit and cut the side of the plane out with our knives and got him out. Being upside-down in water over his head and being strapped in with his feet tied to rudder stirrups had made escape impossible. We dragged him off and after checking for papers, buried him nearby in the only high ground around. He didn't get a military burial—we knew this was probably the guy who shot down one of our PBVs and strafed the crew two days before.

Rychetnik: And then?

Thies: We got some stuff off the plane, including the gunsight and a 20mm Oerlikon cannon from one of the wings, and headed back for Dutch Harbor. I told Foley that the plane could be rescued but it would take more than manpower—it would take something to drag it out and a barge to put it on. In-

deed, it took a civilian construction crew several tries before they got it out and shipped it to Seattle.

Rychetnik: You knew you had something valuable when they got it out?

Thies: We didn't have time to think about it. I heard they got it out and it was on its way to Seattle. We were bombing the Japanese at Kiska then and were busy doing that fulltime.

Rychetnik: With Japanese landing at Kiska and Attu, what was the U.S. response?

Thies: There was nothing to respond with, except airplanes! Some of our people tried to train the Army B-25 crews to drop torpedoes from their planes and sent them out. It didn't work out. The weather was terrible, and the Army had no experience making torpedo runs. There were no Navy vessels larger than a yard tug or seaplane tender to send there. It was up to the PBVs to "stop" the Japanese invasion. Mine was one of the first planes in the air, armed with four 500-pounders, looking for the invasion fleet.

Rychetnik: Under what sort of conditions?

Thies: There was a thick cloud deck from just about 1,000 feet up to over 10,000. It was broken in some places, but we flew over it until the navigator figured we were over Kiska real estate. We spiraled down through the stuff until we found an opening and came out into the clear at the edge of Kiska harbor with what looked like the whole Japanese Navy out there. They even had their Mavis patrol boats tied up to our PBV buoys!

Rychetnik: What happened then?

Thies: We made a radio report and ducked back into the clouds because of the anti-aircraft. I told the bombardier we would come out over the heaviest concentration of ships, use the intervalometer to drop the four bombs, and get the heck out of there. My copilot was a guy named Bill Lohse, and he would trigger the release of the patterned four-bomb drop. The anti-aircraft was all over us whenever we peeked through an opening in the clouds, but I told the crew we were going in and I started down to 1,000 feet, headed into the harbor.

Rychetnik: How did you know when to drop the bombs?

Thies: I didn't know. As we were crossing the fleet for the first time and as I eyeballed the ships, I yelled at Lohse: "I guess it's as good a time as any to drop the bombs." He yelled back: "What did you say?" (There was a lot of anti-aircraft fire.) I yelled at him again to drop the bombs. He had never dropped bombs over the Japanese before and asked: "You want me to drop the bombs now?" I told him to drop the damn bombs, we were catching a lot of flak and should not have been there, anyway. Lohse, just like in the movies, yelled at me: "Bombs away, Skipper," and pushed the button. Because of the weather and cold, we had a lot of trouble with electro-mechanical releases, and one of the bombs on the outer port rack stuck. I dropped it manually just before we swooped up, back into the clouds. We flew around a bit and then went down to see what had happened. One of the bombs had hit a troop transport square in the middle, and it was smoking and on fire. It was being maneuvered away from the others, so it may have been carrying ammo. The crew insisted we should get back to base as we had no more bombs and had done some damage. I have a feeling it was the stuck bomb that hit the transport, but who knows.

Rychetnik: What was the flight home like?

Thies: We had to pick up a weather station crew from Kanaga Island, since those islands were being evacuated. We found the harbor there empty and went in and got them. They were hiding and expecting the Japanese and were sure glad to see us. After taking off with them, we emptied the machine guns on the dock and facility to set it on fire. Our own scorched earth policy. We headed for Atka Island, where the seaplane tender *Gillis* made us at home.

Rychetnik: How much sleep did you get between strikes?

Thies: Not much. We were off again early the next morning with four 500-pounders and hoping to get lucky again. The first thing we did was run into a Mavis patrol plane from the Japanese fleet, and after we lost her in the clouds and climbed out on top, ran into a Jake, a twin-float fighter. Kiska volcano was sticking up through the clouds, so I knew where we were, and I headed down into the clouds to shake off the Jake. We found a hole in the clouds, flew down over the Japanese ships and let the bombs pattern out again. The same outer port bomb failed to drop, so I took the plane up into the clouds to avoid the flak and locate another target. Through a hole, we saw a Japanese cruiser, and I put the PBV into a steep dive right for that ship and released the bomb manually just before we zoomed up. My engineer, sitting in his high seat, said he saw the bomb headed right for the middle of the ship. A gunner named Wahl, in the waist bubble, plastered the ship with .50-caliber shells as we headed back into the clouds and home. We had invented the Catalina Dive Bombing technique!

Rychetnik: What other missions did you have?

Thies: We had to blow up an American submarine on the northwest side of Amchitka.

Rychetnik: How come we were blowing up our own subs? Which one was it?

Thies: The sub was the S-27, built well before the war. It was in the Bering Sea and trying to come through the Aleutian chain to attack the Japanese fleet. They had depleted their battery power and were trying to get through the narrow pass into the Pacific on the surface when they were swept by a strong tidal current into the rocks and were stranded. The crew got off onto the beach and had to be rescued. Since the sub could not be pulled off with what was available in that era, it was decided to destroy it rather than let it fall into the hands of the Japanese. We were ordered to fly in a ton of high explosives and a five-man Army demolition crew and get the job done. We had to take all the guns off the plane to make room for the gear and the Army.

Rychetnik: How did the mission go off?

Thies: Not without some excitement. I swear that one of the explosives was a five-gallon bottle of nitro in a crate. Then there were boxes of dynamite and fuses. We landed near the sub and, as we were transferring the stuff to the beach, a Japanese Betty, a twin-engine bomber, flew right overhead. We were sitting ducks. Luckily, it didn't see us in the wispy fog, and we got the heck out of there as soon as the Betty was gone. What's so funny about the S-27 is that one of my neighbors here in Carmel was on her when this happened, but I didn't know him then, a guy named Karl Kunz, an old-timer in the sub service.

Rychetnik: I understand you received the Navy Cross for your actions in the Aleutians Campaign?

Thies: You know, I wasn't doing anything that everyone else wasn't doing out there. We were fighting for our country and knew the Japanese were planning to come down the chain and start bombing the mainland of Alaska and the U.S. We lost 10 out of the 12 PBVs we had up there in VP-41, and I was just damn lucky I didn't end up in the drink. We had a great crew and we pulled together. None of us were war veterans, so we all learned together how to do the job with what we had to work with. I am very happy to say that both the U.S. and Japan finally agreed to carry on the war elsewhere, as Alaska was no place for it.

Rychetnik: When did you receive the Navy Cross?

Thies: We were at the Cold Bay Navy base and were told that Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox was there to see us; so we were ordered to put on our greens. We were standing in a line in the Quonset hut chow hall, and I didn't know if we were gonna eat first or what when I was called out of line to stand at attention and have him pin a medal on me.

The other officer members of the crew got Distinguished Flying Crosses, and the enlisted men received Air Medals. It was rather informal in that place.

Rychetnik: The citation reads: "The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to William N. Thies, United States Navy Reserve, for service as set forth in the following citation:

"For extraordinary heroism and distinguished service as a pilot in action with enemy Japanese forces during the Aleutian Islands Campaign June 1 to 15, 1942. Despite the hazards of severe weather conditions, Lieutenant Thies constantly sought out and engaged the enemy, inspiring other members of his squadron to supreme efforts by his example of zealous aggressiveness.

"Boldly defying continuous and heavy antiaircraft fire, he participated in all night aerial patrols and bombing attacks on enemy Japanese ships in Kiska Harbor and succeeded in scoring a hit on an enemy transport. His fine spirit of determination in accomplishing difficult and dangerous missions and his outstanding devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the U.S. Naval Service."

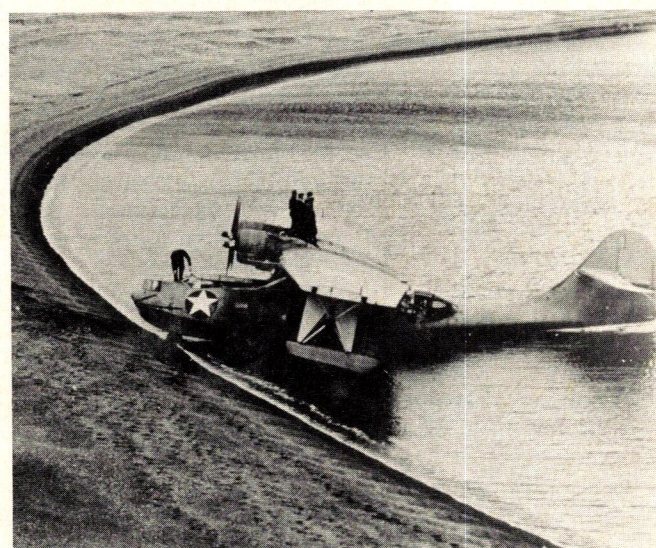
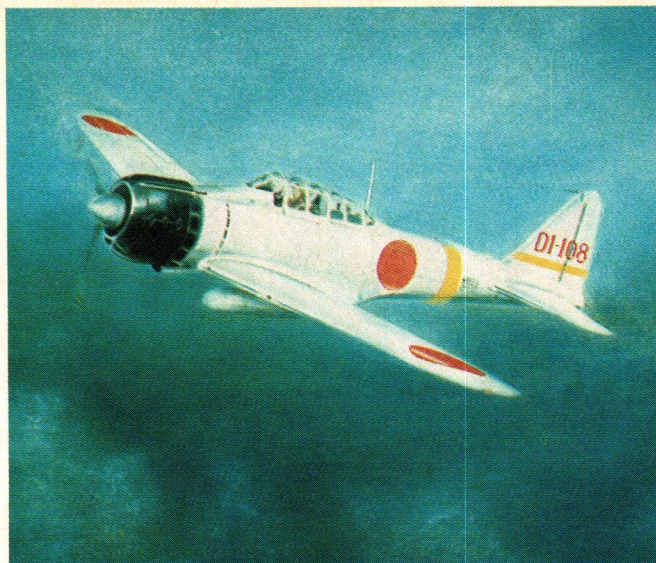
Rychetnik: We know that the Zero you spotted on Akutan Island was a lot more important than the bombing of the Japanese transport. Your insistence on its recovery was a key decision in that early part of the war. The plane was recovered intact and removed to San Diego Naval Air Station, where it was studied by intelligence and aircraft experts from all the services. It was rebuilt and painted with U.S. colors and flown against all the current fighter types of that period and found to be superior in many ways. It gave the United States a real edge just six months into the war to know all about the hottest fighter in the Pacific. I think that deserves a medal, too.

Thies: I didn't want anything for finding the plane, but I do know that it altered tactics in naval aviation after our experts found how maneuverable it was. Its weak points—the lack of sealed gas tanks, armor and diving speed—were more than made up for by its maneuvering, long-range, and powerful guns. Too many airmen died [inside] when they thought of dogfighting a Zero. It was regarded as a secret weapon by the Japanese. We only knew about it from reports of the Flying Tigers in China, who had trouble flying their P-40s against it. Our later fighters like the Hellcat, Corsair and Mustang had no trouble with the Zero if the pilot knew its weaknesses. Of course, the Japanese pilots who started the war against us were very experienced after fighting in China for many years. A great many of them died at Midway or were shot down by our Navy and Marine fighter squadrons island-hopping against their bases.

Rychetnik: When you think about that war nearly 50 years ago, what do you think about most?

Thies: I sincerely wonder what would have happened if we hadn't been on a long patrol in rough weather and if my copilot didn't get airsick and if I didn't get lost and end up 240 miles off course and didn't fly up the middle of those islands on my way back to Dutch Harbor. We would have never seen the Zero. The way it was sinking and getting grown over, we maybe never would have seen it lying there. And, you know, I never flew over that spot on Akutan again. □

*Bill Thies remained in the U.S. Navy until after the Korean War, retiring as a captain in 1959 and then entering the business world. Nowadays he promotes recreation and the great outdoors as founder of the Carmel River Steelhead (Fish) Association. Fellow WWII vet Joe Rychetnik recalls hearing of President Roosevelt's death on the beach at Okinawa. He thanks James Rearden, author of the forthcoming book *Akutan Zero* (Stackpole) for putting him onto the Bill Thies story. As added reading: *PBY: The Catalina Flying Boat* by Roscoe Creed (Naval Institute Press).*



TOP: Seen here in its original livery as flown from the carrier Junyo, Koga's Zero was later to wear U.S. stars as it was flown and evaluated by its enemies. MIDDLE: Three PBY-5s soar gracefully over a typical Aleutian landscape of mountains and glaciers. ABOVE: A PBY is secured on a desolate volcanic beach in one of the many lagoons in which they were sheltered against Arctic storms. Such dispersal also minimized losses in the event of air raids.

ERRANT RIDER'S MISBEGOTTEN ERRAND

While Gettysburg took fire and blazed up, Robert E. Lee kept looking for his cavalry screen and its colorful leader, "Jeb" Stuart. Where was he? Busy, is where.

By David K. Snider and William R. Brooksher

The Confederate victory crafted by General Robert E. Lee in the spring of 1863 at Chancellorsville was a sterling performance of the military art, but Lee knew he had little time to bask in the glow of victory. The Union Army would swiftly rejuvenate to do battle again, and the war-ravaged Virginia countryside could not continue to support the needs of two mighty armies constantly maneuvering on its soil.

With a flicker of hope for British recognition of the Confederate nation still lingering, Lee decided to move the Confederate Army out of Virginia and spend his summer in the North. At worst, he could draw pressure away from Vicksburg, threaten Washington and the Union population centers, and win a battle or so. Foreign recognition of the Rebel cause might result from a successful campaign, and surely the Army of Northern Virginia would return to its home soil better fed and provisioned than when it left. By the third of June, all was in a state of readiness and the move northward began.

Nearly 75,000 men strong, Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was divided into three roughly equal corps. June 12 found Richard Ewell's and James Longstreet's corps heading toward the gaps in the Blue Ridge Mountains where, once across, they would filter down the lower Shenandoah Valley and ford the Potomac in the vicinity of Shepherdstown, W.Va. Ambrose Hill's corps remained temporarily at Fredericksburg as a rear guard. General "Jeb" Stuart's hard-riding cavalry was charged with screening the movement of the gray army and keeping Lee informed of Union General "Fighting Joe" Hooker's movements.

True to his reputation and Lee's high estimation of him, Stuart performed this task remarkably well—at first. For the next week, Stuart's cavalry engaged in frequent cavalry battles, exploding northward like a chain of fireworks.

By daybreak on June 22, the Shenandoah Valley beyond the Blue Ridge was teeming with mile after mile of Lee's gray soldiers as they marched their way northward. And to this point, Stuart and his cavalry had done their screening and denial work superbly. But once his army was across the Potomac, Lee still needed Stuart as his eyes and ears on the Confederate Army's front and eastern flank.

Perhaps it was his great confidence in Stuart that made Lee less specific in his instructions than he might otherwise have been when he ordered his cavalry lieutenant to that position on June 23. His evident intent was for Stuart to act as his main probing force, conducting the movements of his cavalry in such a manner that he could, as many times in the past, give Lee the timely, vital information he so skillfully used against his blue-suited antagonists. The crucial portion of Lee's order, forwarded through Longstreet to Stuart, read:

If General Hooker's Army remains inactive you can leave two brigades to watch him, and withdraw the three others, but should he not appear to be moving northward, I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountains tomorrow night, cross at Shepherdstown next day, and move over to Frederickstown. You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around their army without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains.

Furthermore, Stuart was to rendezvous with Confederate General Jubal Early at York, Pa.

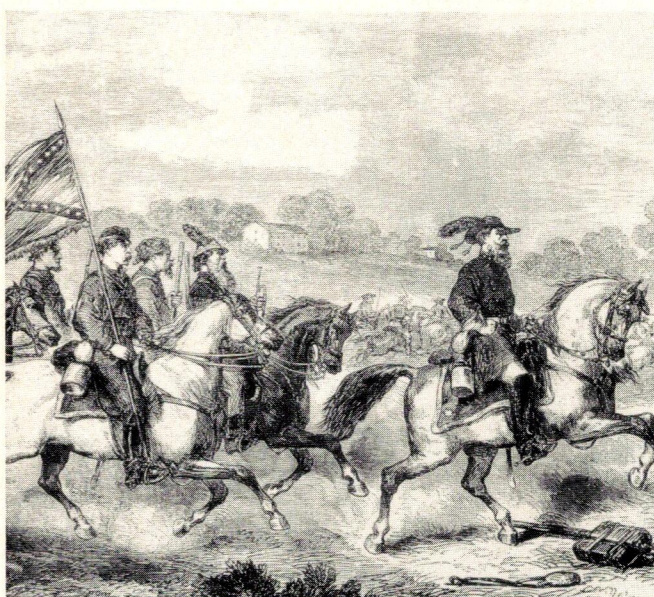
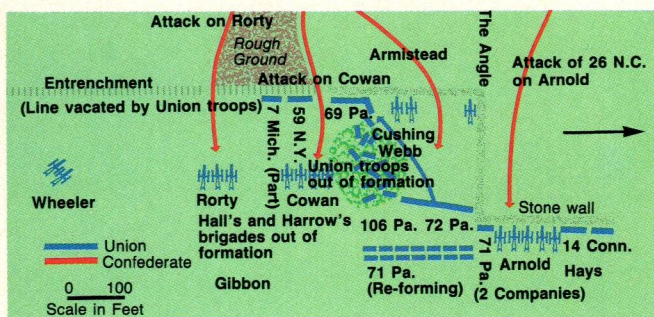
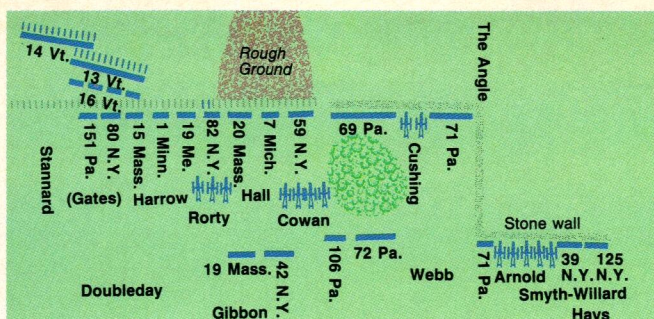
Longstreet's comments in his letter of endorsement to Stuart (according to his later interpretation) removed the ambiguity from Lee's order and denied Stuart the discretionary power he was soon to exercise. Stuart's instructions, according to Longstreet, were to ride on the right of his (Longstreet's) column to the Shepherdstown crossing and to be available to the Confederate Army as needed.

It was pouring rain on the night Lee's letter was delivered to Stuart at Rector's Crossroads, a little place between Uperville and Middleburg, Va. Stuart and a part of his command had pitched camp there for the evening. Officers and men, including Stuart, were bedded down under oilcloths. An old house stood near where Stuart made his bed, but he refused to go inside, saying: "My men are out in the rain, and I will not fare better than they."

A lantern flickered fitfully through the darkness and downpour as the division adjutant worked into the late hours on the porch of the house handling dispatches and messages. When Lee's letter of instruction was delivered, the adjutant



Major General James E.B. Stuart was the epitome of a vanishing breed of dashing, daring cavaliers who defiantly flaunted their panache in the face of modernizing warfare. But behind the peacock was a master of reconnaissance in force, whom General Robert E. Lee relied upon as the "eyes" of his army. Only once can he debatably be said to have failed at this task—but that once was Gettysburg.



TOP: Union positions on July 3, 1863. While Lee counted on his infantry to break through the center, Stuart's cavalry was to flank the Union right. MIDDLE: Climax and failure at Gettysburg: Pickett's charge. At great cost, Union cavalry also turned back Stuart's troopers. ABOVE: Jeb Stuart leads his men on a foray. Note Union infantry fleeing at right.

took the liberty of opening it. Understanding its importance, he awoke Stuart where he was sleeping and read the dripping letter to him by lantern light. Stuart pondered its contents for a few moments, then, with a mild rebuke to the adjutant for opening such an important document before awakening him, fell quickly back to sleep.

Daybreak came damp and soggy. With the dawn's first light, Stuart's order went out to three brigade leaders to form at Salem by late evening. These three crack outfits numbered some 4,500 seasoned veterans of many battles and were complemented by a six-gun battery of horse-drawn artillery and regimental ambulances, but no wagons. Consequently, Stuart's force could take only the grain that could be carried by each horse—enough for one or two days. The graybacks and their mounts would be forced to forage as necessary.

Two brigades, numbering some 3,000 cavalry, were ordered

to remain behind to guard the Blue Ridge passes. Their specific instructions were to watch the Union Army closely, report as necessary, and to rejoin the main Confederate Army if the Yankees began to move.

It was 1 a.m. on June 25 when Stuart swung himself astride his great bay mare, Virginia. As the gray column moved forward, the men were animated with the anticipation of starting on a bold new undertaking. Most considered themselves invincible behind "Old Jeb," their idolized leader.

Stuart now moved swiftly from Salem toward Bull Run Mountain. As dawn streaked the summer sky, the gray line of horsemen filtered through Glasscock's Gap near New Baltimore, some 10 miles from Salem. With John Singleton Mosby scouting ahead, the gray cavalry turned its mounts toward Havmarket.

Stuart intended to swing northward toward the Potomac along the Leesburg Pike. But the Union Army already had begun to recoil north in response to Lee's movement. Consequently, Union General Winfield S. Hancock's II Corps occupied the road Stuart wanted to take. A brief artillery exchange ensued as the blue and gray forces rubbed edges, but Stuart quickly withdrew, not disclosing his force, to evaluate the situation.

It was, indeed, readily apparent that the Union Army was not where it was supposed to be—and that it, too, was moving north.

Stuart immediately dispatched a personal message with this vital information to Lee, but for some reason lost to the past, the messenger did not reach him. As fate would have it, the Confederate commander continued northward on June 25, unaware that his Union opponent had already begun to unwittingly parallel his course.

Stuart pondered his alternatives as his command regrouped from the skirmish with Hancock's bluecoats. He had sent the messenger to Lee with the information on his own situation and the activity of the Federal army. Now, he must decide how to reach York, Pa., as his orders directed. It was obvious that Hancock would hold the Leesburg Pike. Stuart, though, could retrace his route, move to Shepherdstown, then dash north toward York amid the Yankee army, a total distance of 105 miles. The other option was to swing to the east, sweeping the rear of the Union Army, cross the Potomac on its far side, and move north to York between it and Washington, a distance of 100 miles. Never given to fretting and indecision, Stuart ordered the detour eastward.

The first fingers of light on June 27 found Stuart's cavalry in the saddle moving toward Fairfax. On the outskirts of the town, the lead brigade unexpectedly encountered a squadron of blue cavalry. With a shout, the gray riders swiftly struck and dispersed the bluecoats. Moving through Fairfax, the Confederates helped themselves to certain items in public stores and shops—as the town faded into the distance, the cavalry column adorned itself with white straw hats and snowy cotton gloves. Many troopers also carried generous amounts of smoking tobacco, figs and ginger cakes.

The full darkness of the June night had closed about the tiring Rebel cavalry as it drew up by the shores of the Potomac at Rowser's Ford. There was no moon and the night had a clinging texture that obliterated vision. Voices were virtually inaudible beside the surging torrent, swollen from recent rains and stretching nearly a mile across.

No markers gave evidence of the ford, but Stuart did not hesitate in the face of the natural obstacle before him. He gave the order to cross, and down the steep, slippery bank and into the rolling river went horse after horse. Soon the riders were stretched like an almost invisible thread across the broad expanse. High water swept over the pommels of the gray riders' saddles, and often the strong current bore the line down river near dangerous waters, but each time vigilant troopers per-

ceived the misalignment and corrected it. The caissons and limber chests were emptied on the Virginia shore and the artillery shells and powder carried across in the cavalrymen's arms. Sanitized of their explosives and ammunition, the heavy guns rumbled down the bank, sending up plumes of spray as they sank beneath the boiling river surface where they remained submerged during the entire crossing.

This same evening, Lee arrived at Chambersburg, quite unaware that the rival Army of the Potomac itself had crossed the river and now was concentrating at Frederick, Md.

It was three o'clock on the morning of June 28 before all of Stuart's soggy riders and guns clambered onto the Maryland shore. Spirits remained high despite the discomfort of dripping clothing and near exhaustion—the graybacks loudly proclaimed their presence in Maryland by irreverent song and wit. The Confederate column now swung in a wide arc to the east from Rowser's Ford, heading toward Rockville, Md.

By midday, Stuart was leading his command into this "vile Secesh hole" about 15 miles northwest of Washington on the Frederick road.

While supplies were being gathered and the local telegraph destroyed, Stuart and some members of his staff whiled away some pleasant moments with young ladies from a nearby academy who had swarmed out to eagerly welcome the Southerners. These pretty women in their gaily-colored, low-cut dresses, bare arms and great masses of braids and curls offered the tired troopers a pleasant diversion and stirred memories of better times. But this was not the only activity that was transpiring around Rockville.

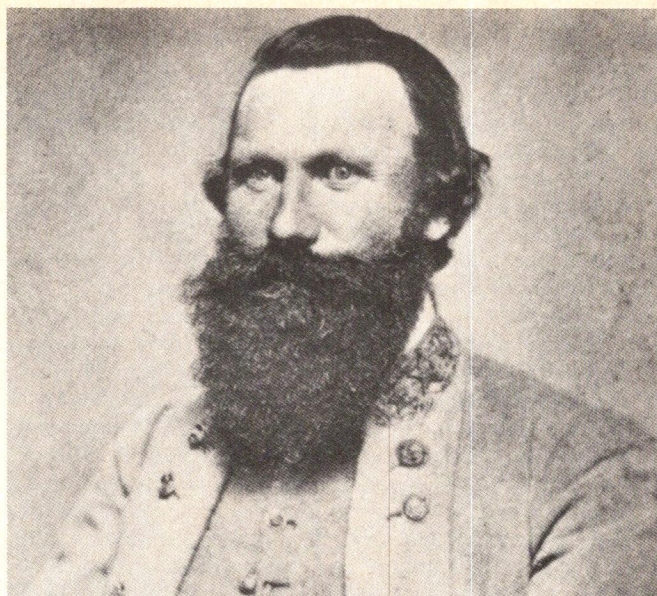
Upon entering the town, Stuart had thrown out Colonel Thomas Lee's Second South Carolina as a scouting party in the direction of the capital. Lee's scouts soon encountered and gave chase to a large Federal wagon train, laden with supplies, headed for the Union Army concentrating at Frederick.

Colonel Lee and his men returned to Stuart at Rockville with 125 wagons of goods and supplies, reluctantly driven by their cursing, crestfallen drivers. Stuart was ecstatic at the prospect of turning over such a store to his own commanding officer, Robert E. Lee, so he quickly decided to take the wagon train with him.

A demon was unleashed with this decision, however, that would manifest itself as Stuart resumed the march. His swiftly moving column now became a convoy, its pace dictated by obstinate Yankee mules and less-than-willing drivers. A day's march was cut from 40 to 25 miles. In the end, the escort duty for the wagon train would become exhausting to his command and would keep him away from Lee for two additional days. But, as Stuart colleague Jubal Early put it afterward: "One hundred and twenty-five wagon loads of grub would be mighty hard for a lot of hungry Confederates to leave in the road."

While Stuart and his gray riders were preoccupied with mules, significant events were transpiring elsewhere. Lee's Confederate Army was winding its way unobtrusively among the rolling hills and shallow valleys in the vicinity of the quiet little market town of Gettysburg. It stretched in a rough arc about 50 miles long, with Longstreet's corps near Chambersburg, Hill's corps approximately eight miles east, and Ewell's corps strung out in the vicinity of Carlisle and York. Since Stuart had not indicated otherwise, Lee assumed that the main body of the Union Army was still south of the Potomac.

Back in Washington, an exasperated Abraham Lincoln had once more changed commanders of his army. The new commander was Maj. Gen. George Gordon Meade, fearless and tenacious as a leader. He assumed command of the army at Frederick on the afternoon of June 28 amid great commotion caused by the news that Stuart's cavalry had just stolen the giant wagon train. What was worse, word had it that the Rebs had taken it from under the guns at Fort Tenallytown,



TOP: A lover of music and dancing, Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart neither drank nor swore—a hard-fighting gentleman in a war of growing brutality. MIDDLE: A southern Pennsylvanian storekeeper has no choice but to supply a party of Rebel raiders, while one honest gent offers to pay him in Confederate money. Some accepted it as being "better than nothing." ABOVE: Major General Alfred Pleasanton's troopers charge retiring Confederates at Upperville, Va., on June 21, 1863. By that time, Federal cavalry, though still inferior to the Rebels, was steadily improving.

in full view of Washington. The presence of Stuart's cavalry between the Union Army and Washington created a small panic and briefly attracted more attention than the fact that the entire Army of Northern Virginia was in Pennsylvania.

Stuart moved his command out of Rockville shortly past one o'clock on the morning of June 29. As the day broke, the heat of the sun began to take its effect. Tired men, including Stuart, tottered from side to side in their saddles, as sleep tried to claim its victims. The brigade charged with managing the captured wagon train suffered the most as the hot afternoon sun's scorching rays unleashed the demon in Stuart's decision to keep the train. The demon manifested itself in thirsty, stubborn mules and cursing, unwilling drivers forcing the cavalymen to exhaust themselves in preserving order from chaos. As ugly-tempered mules blocked long stretches of the road, progress slowed to a snail's pace. Stuart's command and communication problems became almost impossible to resolve.

However slow, the sweat-soaked, red-eyed troopers fought off exhaustion and forced the column erratically forward.

Fitzhugh Lee's brigade had surged ahead of the slow-moving convoy to cut the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Hoad's Mill and Sykesville. After a grueling 20-mile ride from Rockville, they accomplished their task near daybreak on the twenty-ninth; Fitzhugh then moved on toward Westminster.

Stuart's weary column and wagon convoy reached Westminster at 5 p.m. and paused long enough to close and reform before continuing the march. Five miles farther along the Gettysburg road, at Union Mills, Stuart agreed to stop and rest his exhausted men and animals.

Stuart and members of his staff dined that evening until well past midnight in the home of one William Schriver. Quite at ease in any situation, Stuart joined the Schriver in song, accompanied on the piano by a member of the family. But as he whiled away the evening, reality was dealing his commander a stern blow.

Robert E. Lee suddenly became aware that the Army of the Potomac had stolen a long march on him and was concentrated at Frederick. This, to his supreme frustration, had occurred with no word from Stuart. Beleaguered by a bout of personal sickness and an unexpected enemy movement, Lee felt himself groping for the proper course of action. What he finally decided was to concentrate his army. The place would be Gettysburg.

Meanwhile, following the initial confusion and panic caused by Stuart's presence and capture of the wagon train, Meade had ordered two divisions of Federal cavalry to intercept the Confederates. As Stuart's exhausted command rested at Union Mills, one division raced to intercept him and another was pounding in pursuit some distance to the rear.

The faint rays of early dawn were cracking the eastern blackness as Stuart's cavalry attempted to break camp on the thirtieth. What should have been a simple chore became a vexing problem as recalcitrant wagon train drivers, and especially the evil-eyed mules, made it abundantly clear that they were hardly eager to begin a new day. Bedlam and confusing delay were the order of the morning. Finally, with a sullen red ball of a sun well up in the morning sky, they moved forward, but it was past 10 a.m. before Hanover came in sight. As the graybacks were moving toward the town from the south, the intercepting Federal cavalry division was entering its limits from the west.

That same morning, Lee paced slowly in front of a field tent pitched east of Chamberburg, Pa., deeply concerned over the whereabouts of Stuart and his cavalry. Where were they? He had cavalry, but without Stuart to guide them, he was without the eyes and ears he could implicitly trust. Meanwhile, to the south, Meade started a northward thrust that would carry him to Gettysburg. He, too, was confused about the total perspective of what was happening around him. But

as word came to him of Ewell's and Early's movement from Carlisle and York toward the vicinity of Gettysburg, Meade reacted to those movements. If Ewell and Early had remained where they were for another day, Meade would have moved to the Susquehanna River and the Battle of Gettysburg would never have occurred. As Bruce Catton describes it: "Gettysburg was an act of fate; a three-day explosion of storm and flame and terror, unplanned and uncontrollable."

Stuart was now about to enter the mainstream of events leading to Gettysburg, but the frequent delays caused by the cumbersome wagon train would again exact their toll. Without the train, Stuart would have passed through Hanover on the thirtieth, before the Federal cavalry arrived, and he could have been in communication with Lee by nightfall of that day. But, as fate would have it, this did not happen and Stuart's advance guard, the Second North Carolina Regiment, bumped into the blue riders in the town. A disorganized fight broke out, and the Confederates were soon driven back. With Fitzhugh Lee away on the left flank and others guarding the wagon train, no help was immediately available to support the North Carolinians.

In order to get a better view of what was happening, Stuart, with some of his staff and couriers, trotted off the road into a field of tall timothy grass. No sooner were they in the field than a squad of blue cavalry saw them and came charging. Stuart and his men loped off across the field until they came upon a huge gully hidden by the tall grass. It was approximately 15 feet across and as many feet deep. Stuart, an accomplished horseman, astride his long-framed mare Virginia, easily cleared the ditch, but some of his unlucky staff landed in its muddy, wet bottom. The blue cavalry drew back without attempting to leap the ditch or extract its humiliated occupants, now more brown than gray.

Sporadic but brisk mounted skirmishes between blue and gray cavalry squads flickered throughout the day as each side probed the other for the opportunity to strike a telling blow.

While this was transpiring at Hanover, the first Confederate elements were in Gettysburg, just 11 miles west of Stuart. Had he known, Stuart could easily have rejoined the Army of Northern Virginia in a matter of hours. But his orders were for York, and there he would go.

As darkness mantled the Pennsylvania countryside, Stuart detoured his command away from Hanover toward Jefferson. From there, they would swing northward toward York. Sustaining the loss of 197 men during the course of the day, the Union cavalry division elected to pursue the Rebels from a respectful distance. Time, fatigue, incessant riding and fighting now began to exact their toll on the grayjackets. The malevolent mules were totally unmanageable from lack of adequate food and water, and many of the gray troopers were in a stupor from fatigue and lack of sleep. As the night wore on, many dozed and some fell off their horses. It took every effort Stuart and his staff could muster to keep the column moving. The march continued on through what seemed to be an endless night, until the first fingers of sunlight on July 1 pointed out the Confederate cavalry moving in a single column into the town of Dover, about six miles from York.

At Dover, Stuart received his first news of the main army since June 24. Early's division, which he had expected to join at York, had marched west from that city earlier in the day. Reacting to this unexpected information, Stuart quickly sent staff officers galloping south and southwest to search for Lee and find out what was happening. He then headed his exhausted column northwest toward Carlisle, the site of an important Federal depot, located some 25 miles away. Numb from exhaustion, the Rebels that hot July day felt as though an eternity had passed before Carlisle was sighted late in the afternoon.

Stuart drew up his command in front of the city and



The 29th Pennsylvania forms its battleline before driving the Confederates from their foothold on Culp's Hill on July 3. Fighting here was extremely heavy and removed a threat to the Union right.

demanding the Federal commander's surrender. His demand was flatly refused. With that, Stuart ordered an artillery barrage and directed his worn troopers to prepare to storm the city. John Esten Cooke recounted that the utterly exhausted gray troopers were falling asleep beside the hot, thundering artillery pieces, and one soldier, who started to climb a fence, swung one leg over and fell asleep in that position. Fortunately, before this stumbling, tired group could begin the attack, two of the officers Stuart had sent to find Lee frantically tore through the ranks toward their leader. They had found General Lee, and his order was simple: "Come to Gettysburg."

It was past midnight and into the early minutes of July 2 when Stuart started his exhausted men and animals over the 30-mile stretch southwest to Gettysburg. He was, as were most of the participants on the scene, unaware of the great drama unfolding. As a parting gesture, Fitzhugh Lee's brigade set fire to the Federal cavalry barracks and supply depot. Although unplanned, this action was perhaps the most important of the entire ride, since a full Federal division was immobilized for four days as a consequence.

Robert E. Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia were wrestling with uncertainty as Stuart raced to join them. Beginning innocently enough the morning of July 1, the day rapidly turned into full-scale slaughter. By dusk, the Federals were mangled. The two Union Army corps on the scene had been soundly beaten and suffered horrible losses. All the Union Army could do for the moment was hang on and wait for reinforcements.

Perhaps Lee could have tied together a victory this day if certain factors had worked in his favor. The first round of the battle had clearly gone to him. Most of his army was on the scene and the Army of the Potomac was, for the moment, badly outnumbered. For it to survive at Gettysburg, it had to hold on to the only good defensive positions available. These were along Cemetery Ridge, running south to two hills known as the Big and Little Round Tops. Cemetery Hill marked the northern end of this string of undulating landscape, which angled off to form Culp's Hill.

Lee had not earned his military reputation on hearsay. He saw immediately that he must take one of these hills to secure any hope of further victory. But Lee's genius was at the mercy of his subordinate commanders, and in this crucial hour he was poorly served by them. In his courteous manner, Lee ordered Ewell to take Cemetery Hill "if possible." Stonewall Jackson would have grasped what was meant by this and car-

ried it out forthwith. But Jackson lay silent in his grave, and the unpredictable Ewell did nothing but give the appearance of being on the verge of nervous collapse. His hesitation was all that was needed to allow a Union division to move into position on Cemetery Hill and secure it.

Meanwhile, Stuart, the man whom Lee had come to rely upon as his "eyes and ears" was still riding hard to reach him. If the cavalier's troopers had been available, they might have been able to tell Lee what he so desperately wanted to know about Meade's army—but they were not. And, by the time Lee and his generals conferred and decided their course in an information vacuum, it was too late. The die was cast. Tomorrow the battle would resume.

Stuart led his exhausted command back into the ranks of the Confederate Army at or about midday on July 2. They had been on the march for the better part of eight days and nights. Men and animals stumbling along on the verge of collapse, their weakened condition prohibited committing them to combat. Any contribution they would make to the battle of Gettysburg would have to wait for another day. When Stuart reported to his commander, Lee's quiet words were: "Well, General Stuart, you are here at last."

It was late afternoon on July 2 when the really heavy fighting began. Thousands of men died before the firing finally faded away near midnight. Victory belonged to neither army, and more bitter fighting awaited the dawn. Their armies now fully joined, neither commander would move to disengage. Here, at a place chosen not by design but by circumstance, they would stand and fight it out.

The serene beauty of dawn July 3 was shattered by a heavy Union cannonade dropping on the Confederates at Spangler's Spring. Fighting raged here and at Culp's Hill until nearly noon, when the Rebels grudgingly fell back from their gains of the night before. Union positions were again secure, but an eerie tenseness gripped the battlefield while Meade and Lee pondered their next moves.

Lee, for his part, concluded that he was facing an opposing army with strong flanks and a weak center. An all-or-nothing assault on the Union center might break the enemy lines and fold them back. Lee well understood the price of failure inherent in such an effort. But he made his decision, realizing that what was to be done must be done quickly, or defeat would follow as surely as night follows day.

Lee anticipated that the great charge on the Union center would break through. Accordingly, he sent Stuart to flank

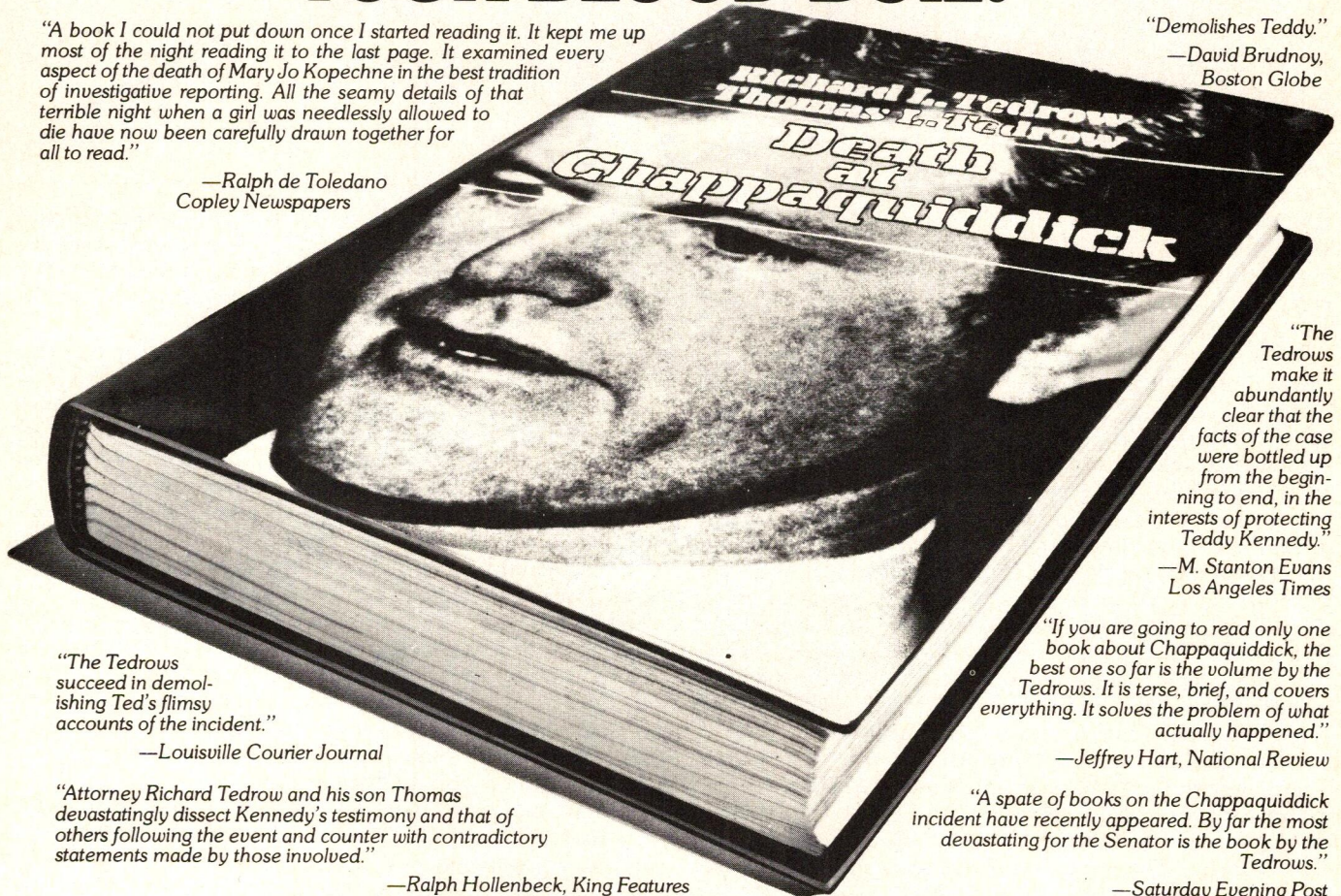
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the blue army on its right. If his cavalry brigades could break through here, they would be in position to wreak havoc all across the Army of the Potomac's defenseless rear. Near mid-day, Stuart led his gray riders out onto the York Pike for about 2½ miles, then swung off into the fields on his right, moving toward a position from which he could strike across all the roads leading to Meade's line.

The cavalry angled off to the crest of a ridge that fell away to a level valley where a long stand of timber stood less than a half mile to the east, masking Union cavalry units. In a matter of moments, the opposing cavalry forces became aware of each other. Without a second's hesitation, the blue and gray cavalry, mounted and unmounted, dashed madly at each other to clash in a wild melee of mortal combat. The battle swayed to and fro all about the open field in a choking dust cloud. A wild uproar deadened the senses as sabers flashed and gunsmoke filled the dusty air.

At center stage of this great drama, long lines of gray soldiers were moving steadily toward the Confederacy's high-water mark. Pickett's famous charge was under way.

Some of the Confederate soldiers reached the copse of trees atop Cemetery Ridge, standing then, as now, on lonely vigil. But their once massive, well-ordered ranks were battered and torn beyond all hope. The charge was broken, and the tide began a slow permanent ebb toward its origin.

The cavalry battle being fought by Stuart's command raged for several hours before the fury subsided. The Federal cavalry lost more than 250 men; Stuart's loss was approximately 120. Even though the Union loss was more than double Stuart's, it served notice that whatever the outcome of the great assault on the Union center, the blue cavalry had done its job with the Confederacy's master horse soldier. No gray riders would go unleashed behind General Meade's lines that day.

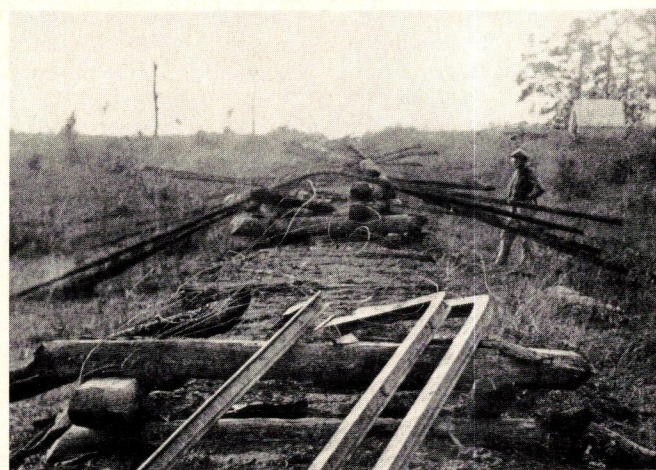
The Battle of Gettysburg was over by late evening. Rain fell the next morning, Independence Day, as Lee's battered Army of Northern Virginia began its march south. Through mud and drizzle, the gray line traveled home, this time with Stuart's cavalry guarding the left flank and rear of the retreating Rebels.

Much to Lincoln's chagrin, Meade's pursuit of Lee was slow, almost tentative. Even though high water prevented Lee from crossing the Potomac before the Union Army reached him, Meade elected not to attack his enemy in an entrenched position. By July 14, the Confederate Army was across the Potomac—the invasion of the North was defeated forever.

In reports from Lee on the Gettysburg campaign, he was openly critical of Stuart for being completely out of contact with him for 10 crucial days. No credit was given for capturing a 125-wagon supply train, capturing and paroling nearly 1,000 prisoners, riding 250 miles and drawing two Federal cavalry divisions after him, or, although by chance, immobilizing 15,000 men at Carlisle before rejoining the army.

The cold hard fact in Lee's mind was that Stuart should have been near or with him at Gettysburg. He had felt Stuart's absence keenly. Right or wrong, he had come to rely on him to such an extent that Stuart represented the Confederate cavalry. It was personified in him, and from him alone could reliable information be expected. As the wisdom and perspective of the years would reveal, however, neither Stuart nor his hard-riding gray horsemen could have balanced the scales at Gettysburg. Still, he could have given perhaps ample warning... and then what? □

David K. Snider is a retired lieutenant colonel from the U.S. Air Force, while partner William R. Brooksher is a retired USAF brigadier general. As further reading, please try Robert S. Henry's Story of the Confederacy; the three-volume Lee's Lieutenants by Douglas Southall Freeman; or the more recent biography, Bold Dragoon: The Life of J.E.B. Stuart by Emory Thomas.



TOP: The Confederate flag still flies amidst the slaughter of Pickett's doomed attempt to plunge through the Union center. MIDDLE: Meade's forces reach the Potomac, after a leisurely pursuit that allows the defeated survivors of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia to escape across. ABOVE: After having been out of contact with Lee for 10 crucial days, Stuart resumed his function as guardian of the Confederate Army's flanks and rear. Here, railroad tracks have been uprooted and bent to hinder an already slow Union advance.

Naval Tradition Captured

The Washington Navy Yard shows history where history was made.

By B.R. Linder

For an almost Oz-like experience, the visitor to the capital city of Washington, D.C., need only pass through the battered walls that separate the historic Washington Navy Yard from the surrounding metropolitan world of noisy traffic, low-income housing and dusty construction projects. Behind the gates to the Navy Yard beckons a world of lush trees, immaculate parade grounds, trim brick buildings and a world-class collection of historic memorabilia.

You can walk the deck of a modern destroyer and just minutes later crouch under the beams and timbers of the gundeck of "Old Ironsides." You can see America's maritime heritage come to life, touch cannon, view high-tech missiles, become immersed in Civil War battles and learn about the shapers of modern American naval power.

Located on 50 acres of the rapidly revitalizing waterfront area of the Nation's Capital, today's Navy Yard not only offers an intriguing glimpse into its own storied history but has become a leading international center for the study of naval history as a whole.

At one level are the restored historical sites of the Navy Yard itself, dating back to the original city plans of Pierre L'Enfant and noted for their important roles in fashioning the strength of the American Navy since the time of Stephen Decatur. At a second level is the acclaimed collection of weapons, cannon, relics and trophies celebrating 200 years of American naval history, all arranged in a stirring series of museum exhibits. Finally, at a third level, the Navy Yard represents the centerpiece of serious naval history study in the United States, with both the U.S. Naval Historical Center and the U.S. Marine Corps Historical Center available for use by



Among the more conspicuous historical relics at the Washington Navy Yard is the USS Barry, which lies pierside to beckon a year-round throng of visitors to tour her weathered decks.

amateur and professional historians.

As you first prepare to enter the Navy Yard through the modern visitor's gate on Washington's M Street, the imposing, three-story Latrobe Gate is guaranteed to catch your attention. Now reserved for only ceremonial or official entry, its ancient gates, flanked by a chiseled set of anchors, have stood since 1806 and were survivors of the destruction of the Yard during the burning of the capital by the British in 1814. The smart Marine guard at its entryway stands as an important historic footnote in his own right—his is the oldest continuously manned Marine sentrypost in the country.

The Navy Yard, the U.S. Navy's oldest shore establishment, stands on a site originally selected by George Washington and the first secretary of the Navy, Benjamin Stoddert. The selection of the capital as the site for the fledgling navy's

first navy yard was due to the location's abundant supplies of nearby timber and fresh water as well as, surprisingly, to Secretary Stoddert's contention that it was desirable for the principal navy yard of the United States to be "under the eye of the government."

Leutze Park (two blocks from the M Street entry) is the modern-day ceremonial heart of the Navy Yard—and here the pomp of impressive parades and the resounding ring of military music frequently fill the spring and summer air. Surrounding the park is an intriguing collection of cannon and naval "trophies," from feudal Japanese cannon to Confederate rifles, captured during many of America's wars. Many of the bronze cannon here are survivors from the days in which individual cannon were blessed with stirring names; so careful examination of these cannon can reveal "El Tosico" (The Poisonous One), "Justiciero"

(The Just), or "Ultima ratio regum" (The Last Argument of Kings), all a reminder of the dash and gallantry of bygone eras.

Also within a stone's throw of Leutze Park are some of the world's finest archival and historic collections, a matter of interest to the serious research historian. The Dudley Knox Center for Naval History contains the Navy Department Library as well as specific branches dedicated to subjects such as U.S. naval ship histories, naval aviation and the operational archives. Next door, in the Marine Corps Historical Center, can be found the official archival research and library facilities of the U.S. Marine Corps.

The historic breadth and the novelty of its impressive museums are what bring most visitors to the Washington Navy Yard—not only for their initial visit, but often for a second or third "return engagement." In a city famed for its re-

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owned museum collections, the Navy Memorial Museum and the Marine Corps Museum can more than hold their own. Not only do they display a worthy collection of memorabilia, they tend to immerse the visitor in the character and vitality of the different ages represented by the displays. In the Navy Memorial Museum, for example, the 24-pounder cannons on the gun deck of the frigate *Constitution* are presented in so realistic a setting that your imagination is easily transported back in time to those dramatic naval contests of 1812 as you squint along the cannons' sights or duck under the overhead timbers. In another section of the museum, the Civil War battles of Mobile Bay and Hampton Roads are vividly re-created by painted displays and tape-recorded re-enactment, as you stand amid actual relics from the engagement.

Age after heroic age is re-created in exacting detail. Explore the Navy of the turn of the century during the Spanish-American War and the era of the Great White Fleet; relive the Navy's contributions during World War I and travel with King, Nimitz and Halsey through the great campaigns of World War II. It's all here, even recollections of the important roles the Navy played during the more recent conflicts in Korea and Vietnam.

Beyond these vivid re-creations of gal-

lant battles and their periods, the Navy Memorial Museum also offers displays that deal extensively with a particular aspect of the broad maritime experience. Navigation, polar exploration, naval aviation and naval regalia and honors are covered in such detail that even the casual visitor can gain an important insight into the fervor, tradition and spirit that characterize the American naval service of the past 200-plus years.

The Marine Corps Museum is similarly adorned with the accoutrements of tradition and service. Here the visitor can again step back through bygone heroic eras, but in a nautical time machine framed in scarlet and gold. Displays show what it was like to be in swirling hand-to-hand combat with the Barbary pirates or charging into a defended barricade during the Mexican War of the 19th century.

Outside the Navy Memorial Museum in the Yard's Williard Park stands an eye-catching collection of naval weaponry, from cannonballs to cruise missiles. Artifacts from the battleship *Maine* remind us of that poignant episode in naval history, while examples of 16-inch guns, radar and even a complete anti-aircraft missile battery can bring us right up to the modern era.

The highlight of a visit to the Navy Yard must be its waterfront area. Here,

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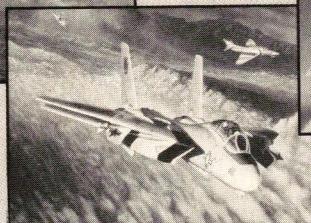
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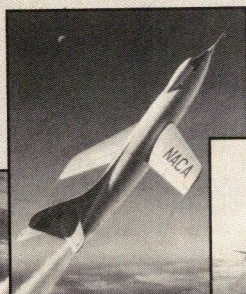
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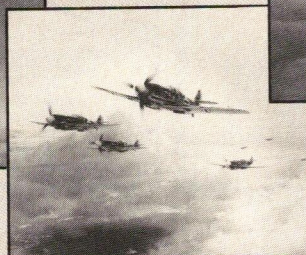
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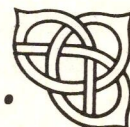
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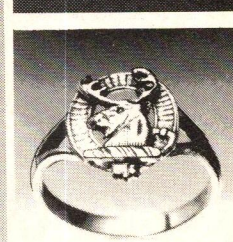
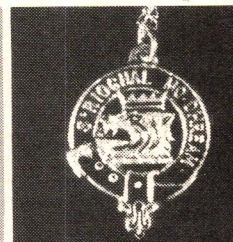
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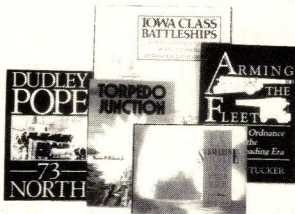
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along the calm Anacostia tributary of the Potomac River, the raw smell of tar and the sound of carpentry saws once heralded the building of ships for the fledgling American Navy, such as the sloop-of-war *Wasp* and the ship-of-the-line *Columbus*.

It was also here that the Navy Yard's rich intertwining of historic precedent and engineering achievement can still be seen in the remnants of the first marine railway in the United States—an innovative railway designed and built by Commodore John Rodgers in 1822 to haul ships out of the water and into dry dock.

The waterfront is now the permanent home of the Navy Yard's most prominent exhibit—the former destroyer *Barry* (DD-933). Museums can remind us through exhibits, pictures and lectures of our historic past—they may even display an actual artifact or document from a memorable event—but it takes a visit to an actual ship, especially a veteran ship, to gain a real understanding of the environment, mettle and charm of the seagoing profession.

A tour of the *Barry* starts by stepping aboard the quarterdeck of the ship by crossing the after bow. At this spit-and-polish ceremonial portion of the ship, the visitor is met by one of the several uniformed *Barry* crewmembers who are positioned to aid in a self-paced tour of the ship. A small museum on the quarterdeck provides an appropriate introduction to the history of the ship and her namesake, Commodore John Barry, the early U.S. Navy frigate captain and hero.

The Washington Navy Yard is open to the public daily from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m. weekdays and 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekends. Admission to all of its attractions is free. A multitude of helpful guide signs and historic markers will keep the visitor engrossed in the historic sights all around.

The Yard's renowned Summer Pageant is a must-see addendum to a visit during July or August. A multimedia presentation of sight as well as song, this panorama showcases naval history and tradition one evening every week during the summer in a setting under the stars at the Navy Yard's outside theater.

Admission is free, but reservations are normally required. Contact the Public Affairs Office of the Navy Yard, next door to the Navy Memorial Museum.

Although soon to be the site of its own subway station on the spotless and efficient Washington Metro, the Navy Yard can best be reached today by private automobile, taxi or bus connections from the L'Enfant Plaza, Federal Center SW or Eastern Market Metro stations. In the Navy Yard itself, all attractions can easily be reached on foot. □

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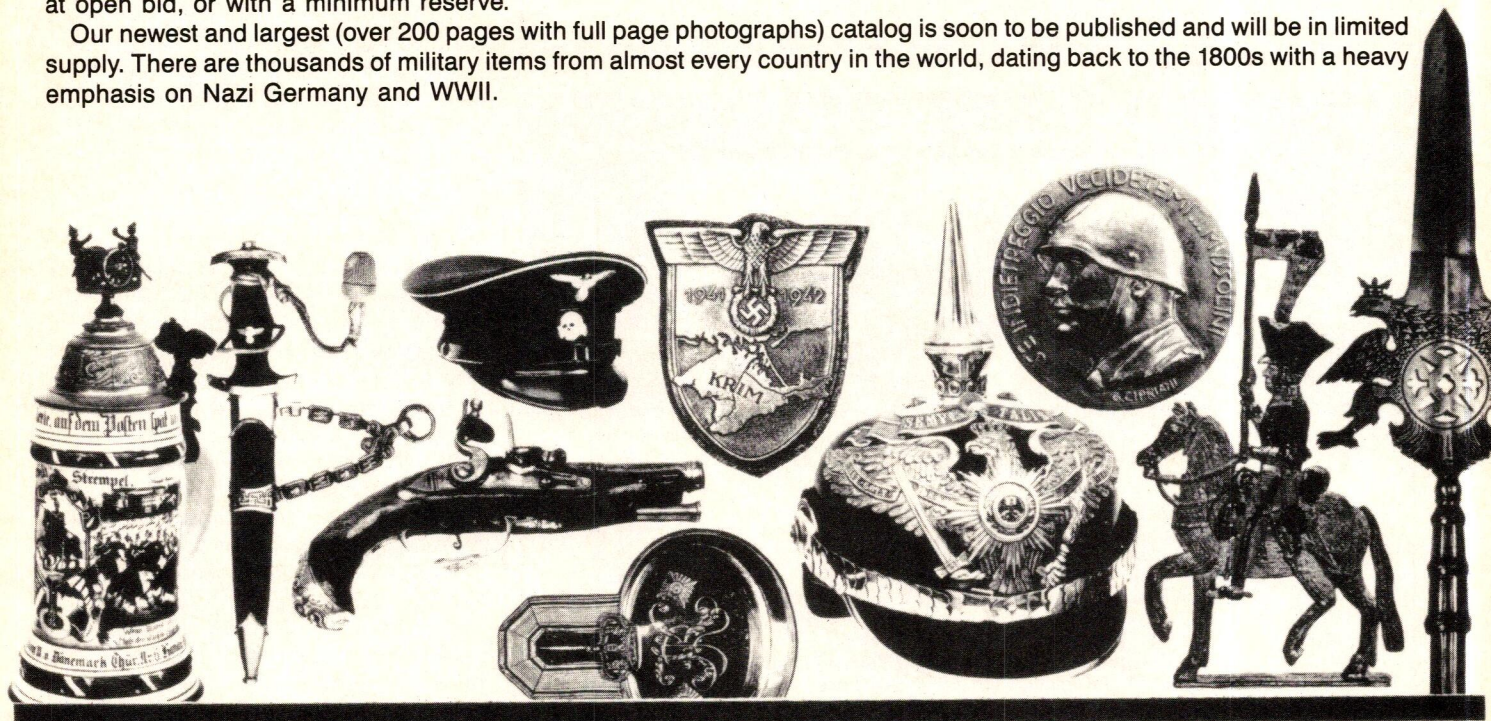
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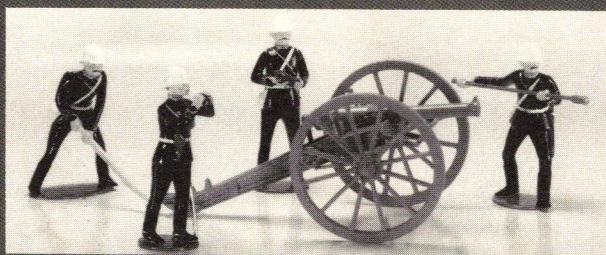
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harbor to torpedo the battleship *Ramilies*, flooding a compartment. Corvettes *Thyme* and *Genista* dropped depth charges against the intruder; then the other midget struck the tanker *British Loyalty*, which soon settled to the bottom.

This was perhaps the greatest success achieved by Japan's midget subs, but after the raid one of them was found aground on the outer reef. Its two crewmen were shot by a British commando on June 2. The other midget may have fallen victim to the corvettes.

On June 5, *Aikoku Maru* and *Hokoku Maru* sank the cargo ship *Elysia*, but three others were sunk the same day by the I-boats in the Mozambique Channel. By July 8, the submarines had accounted for another 18 vessels, including the neutral Swedish ship *Eknaren*.

It was left for the two raiders to conclude the successful campaign on July 12 when they caught the 7,113-ton *Huakari* bound from Fremantle to Colombo, Ceylon, and sank her 780 miles southeast of Diégo-Suarez for their third victim. They and their undersea partners then retired to Penang. The results should have been encouraging enough—the Japanese had crippled a British battleship and sunk 19 British merchantmen totaling 120,000 tons, as well as six vessels of other nationalities, for the loss of two midget submarines and the four men of their crews. Yet the Japanese were never to conduct another commerce-raiding campaign of comparable scope.

On October 24, 1942, the *Aikoku Maru* and *Hokoku Maru* were sent out again, apparently with their complement of fuel and torpedoes to keep open the option of supporting another submarine offensive.

On November 11, 1942, the 6,341-ton Royal Dutch/Shell tanker *Ondina* and her tiny escort ship, *HMIS Bengal*, were 500 miles southwest of Cocos Island, about halfway en route from Fremantle, Australia, to Diégo-Garcia when *Bengal's* captain, Lt. Cmdr. W.J. Wilson, spotted the two raiders bearing down on him.

Had *Ondina* been alone, she probably would have surrendered. But her Indian Navy escort was duty-bound to defend her and, despite the overwhelming, if inaccurate, firepower he faced, Wilson chose to make a fight of it.

Bengal was an Australian-built *Bathurst*-class "minesweeping sloop," meant to defend her consort from submarines, not surface warships. Her single 12-pounder, one Bofors and two Oerlikon guns were no match for the armament of either of her two antagonists. The Japanese seemed to be aware of this, because when Wilson ordered *Ondina* away and turned

to oppose them, the *Aikoku Maru* left *Hokoku Maru* to dispose of *Bengal*, while she went after the tanker. As the raider rapidly overhauled her, the *Ondina's* crew gamely fought back with their single 4-inch gun.

Then, with astounding suddenness, the one-sided engagement took an unexpected turn. *Bengal's* sixth shot caused a fiery explosion aboard *Hokoku Maru*. Still, her men fought on with vengeful fury, as did *Aikoku Maru's*.

Bengal was holed by near misses and took a direct hit from *Aikoku Maru*, but kept firing at both raiders until her ammunition was almost exhausted. *Ondina* took the worst of it as *Aikoku Maru* put at least one direct shell hit and two torpedoes into her, killing her master and setting her on fire. The Dutch fought their gun until they ran out of ammunition, then abandoned ship.

At about that time, *Bengal* was again squaring off with *Hokoku Maru*, as Wilson later reported: "Another terrific explosion . . . flames leapt hundreds of feet in the air, and when the smoke cleared away nothing could be seen." Undone by the flammable, explosive submarine supplies she had aboard, *Hokoku Maru* had simply blown up.

Upon observing that horrific spectacle, *Aikoku Maru* turned away to avoid possibly sharing her sister's fate and to search for any survivors—after her machine-gunners took some parting shots at *Ondina's* lifeboats. The raider's departure and the damage to the boats gave them cause to reboard their ship and try to save her. This they eventually managed to do, putting out *Ondina's* fires and making their way back to Fremantle. The *Bengal*, which had miraculously gotten through the melee without a single casualty, proceeded to Colombo.

In January 1943, the German *Michel*, in the South Atlantic, was advised to make for Japan and continue her raiding from Japanese ports.

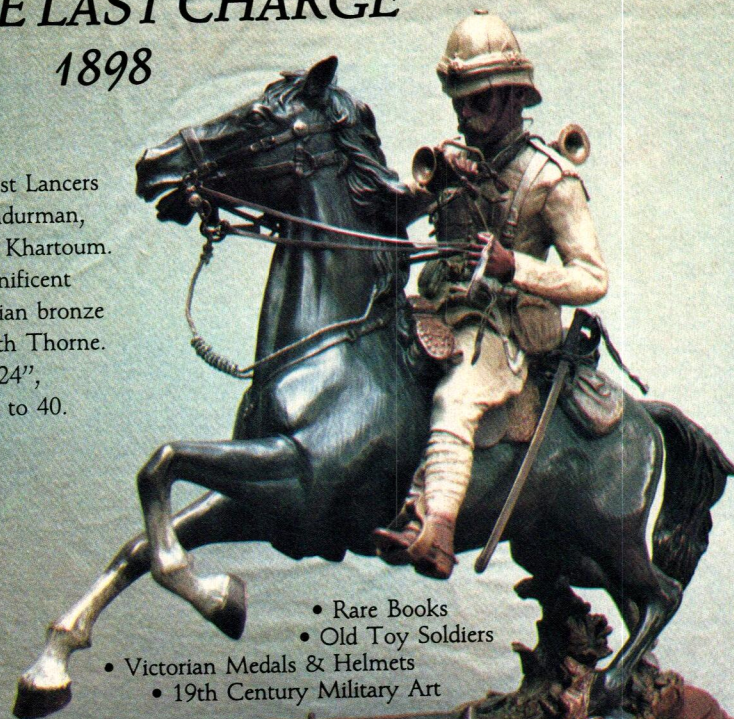
She anchored in Kobe on March 2, 1943, after stopping at Batavia and Singapore, but the Germans found their Japanese hosts to be inhospitable and even hostile—possibly because *Michel's* arrival after nearly a year at sea was a reminder of what a costly failure their own raiding campaign had been.

The little-known action fought so gallantly by *Bengal* and *Ondina* effectively brought Japan's flirtation with armed merchant cruisers to an end. Over the next year, *Aikoku Maru* and most of her cousins were rerated as transports. Six remaining raiders soon found themselves on the receiving end of enemy bombs, mines or torpedoes without accomplishing anything like the first successes of *Aikoku Maru* and *Hokoku Maru*, modest as those successes had been. □

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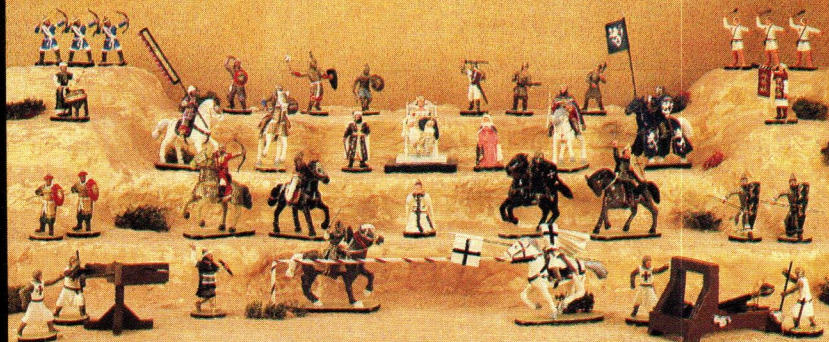
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Saga of a Victorian Hero

Chinese Gordon knocked about the colonies on grand scale.

By Barry M. Taylor

When I was a boy in England, there were some military heroes we were invoked to take very seriously indeed. Inevitably, each of them was accompanied in folklore and tradition by "The Scene": the moment when he died performing his sacred duty—Wolfe at Quebec, Nelson at Trafalgar, Scott at the South Pole, and Chinese Gordon at Khartoum.

The death of Gordon held us most in awe. The others died surrounded by adoring staffs or faithful companions, but Gordon died alone—a death all the more symbolic of lonely duty, the abandoned hero who deliberately chooses the ultimate sacrifice. There he is, standing at the top of a flight of stairs. His sword is still sheathed, a pistol cocked but dangling in his right hand. A "native" is about to spear him. Look closely at the spear, and you can see that it is no mean weapon. In fact, it is immense; it is hard to see how the native could even heft the bloody thing. But Gordon stands calmly, ready for a death that he had always known would be uniquely his.

Gordon of Khartoum, with the telling subtitle "The Saga of a Victorian Hero," by John H. Waller (Atheneum, 1988, \$29.95), is yet another look at the life of General Charles "Chinese" Gordon.

Author Waller has written an agreeable and highly entertaining volume. Well researched, it includes material from some previously unpublished documents, such as Gordon's childhood journal, and liberal quotes from Gordon's voluminous correspondence. One can quibble with a statement here and there—lancers are described as "heavy" troops—but, on the whole, it's a workmanlike product. The main problem is, however, that apart from some new anecdotes, there is not much in the way of fresh information here, even though it's still dramatic material for



Courageous, fanatically religious and enigmatic, "Chinese" Gordon pursued a fate at the hands of his Sudanese counterpart, the Mahdi, that seemed to be a rendezvous with destiny.

the newcomer to the Gordon saga.

He was born in 1833 in Woolwich, one of six children fathered by a major general in the Royal Artillery. Graduating from the Royal Military Academy in 1852 (after being held back for six months for beating an underclassman), Gordon was commissioned in the Royal Engineers. But regimental life seemed to bore him, and after service in the Crimea, where he was notably brave, he wangled his way into an Anglo-French force that was being sent to relieve Peking.

China was just then in the throes of the great Taiping Rebellion, one of the most devastating wars in history. Soon, Gordon was commanding a mercenary-led Chinese force called the Ever Victorious Army and was instrumental in defeating the rebels. Forever after, he was known as "Chinese" Gordon to the British public.

Following his sojourn in China, he knocked about the colonies a bit, including posts as Governor-General of the Sudan (where he did much to stamp out

the slave trade) and, following promotion to major general in 1882 at age 49, as Commandant General of the Colonial Forces in South Africa, where his acerbic and often unrealistic reports annoyed almost everyone.

Cecil Rhodes, who met Gordon, called him a "fanatical enigma." It was this core in Gordon, his insistence on extremes, without compromise, that may be the key to his fascinating character. Gordon was a devout Christian who also wanted to be a hero. To the ancient Greeks, heroes were like gods—they bore within themselves a divine spirit. A friend described Gordon as "waiting for a call."

Gordon's nemesis was the Mahdi, a fanatic who claimed descent from Mohammed. When he declared a jihad against the infidel, the Sudan churned into a ferment, and thousands of warriors—Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzies—flocked to his standard. He began to pick off towns and cities, gathering strength. His victories stirred unrest in Egypt, and the bureaucrats in Whitehall worried about the safety of the crucial Suez Canal.

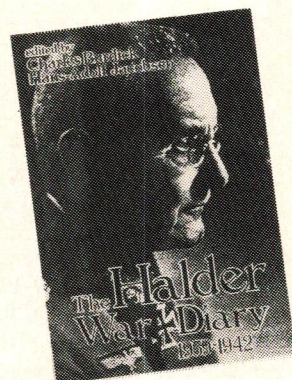
Then the Mahdi wiped out a ragtag army commanded by General William Hicks. Hysteria erupted in England—Gordon was the man of the hour. Despite opposition from Prime Minister Gladstone, who feared another debacle would topple his government, Gordon was sent out to supervise the evacuation of Europeans from the Sudan and with a vague brief to take command of the situation.

The rest we know: Gordon was abandoned by Egyptian forces, leaving him virtually alone, with doubtful Sudanese troops to defend the Sudan; he was cut off and besieged in Khartoum; Gladstone dithered for months before a relief force was organized under Wolseley; the British battled their way down the Nile, arriving two days too late.

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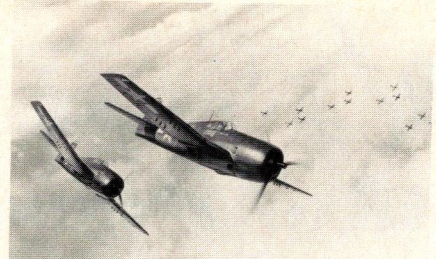
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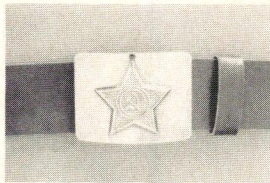
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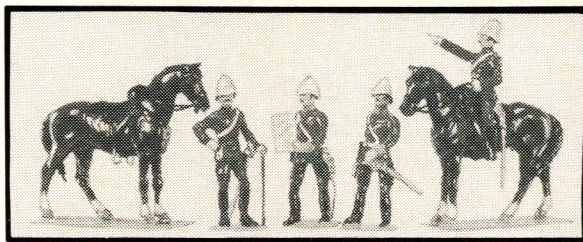
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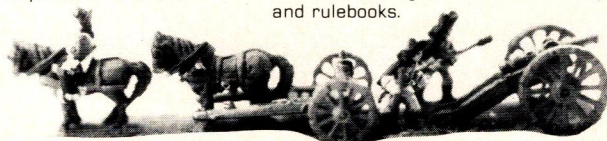
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Khartoum fell on January 26, 1885, with a great slaughter of its inhabitants. Gordon was probably killed early in the battle, and there were reports that his head was taken to the Mahdi. Others say, however, that he died standing at the top of some stairs, pistol in hand. Wait a minute, isn't that a painting called *Death of Gordon* by G.W. Joy? Isn't that "The Scene" of a Noble End? Very likely, but it represents precisely what we prefer to think of him. Gordon became a Victorian legend, even larger in death than he was in life.

It's still a great story, and latest chronicler Waller tells it well.

Retreat Hell!: We're Just Attacking in Another Direction, by Jim Wilson; William Morrow & Co.; 1988; \$19.95.

For bravery in the face of overwhelming odds, few events in American military history surpass the stand of the 1st Marine Division at the Chosin Reservoir during the Korean War. Outnumbered 35-1, the Americans withstood repeated attempts by seven Chinese divisions to annihilate them. The fighting was as savage and desperate as any in Marine Corps annals, all of it in sub-zero weather that froze men and rendered weapons inoperable.

Journalist and U.S. Army Korean War veteran Jim Wilson tells the 1st Marine Division's incredible story in *Retreat Hell*. The book is rich in anecdotes gleaned from hundreds of combat veterans whom Wilson met in 10,000 miles of traveling to find his material.

Wilson spends little time describing the Cold War politics or the global U.S. strategy that brought the Marines to South Korea following North Korea's invasion of that nation in June 1950. Instead, the author explains how the 1st Marine Division found itself on the attack near the Chosin Reservoir in November 1950 as it pushed up into North Korea, following a landing at Wonsan on the country's east coast. The Marines had pushed ahead with comparative ease until they found themselves surrounded by powerful Chinese divisions.

Marine commanders realized their dangerous position and decided to return to the North Korean shore, where U.S. Navy vessels could rescue them.

The division fought every step of the way to the sea. Combat was close and merciless. Casualties were high. The division's survival depended not so much on generalship as it did on the skill of company and platoon commanders, and the bravery of individual Marines. Accordingly, Wilson focuses throughout *Retreat Hell* on small-unit tactics.

The book suffers from lack of an index and a bibliography, as well as a shortage of maps that show the division's

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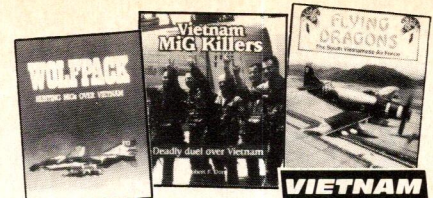
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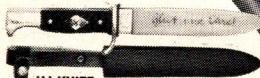


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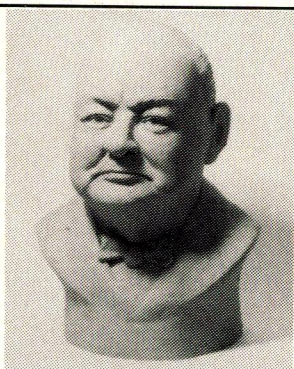
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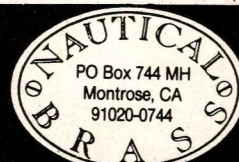
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overall area of operations and tactical situation. Wilson, however, succeeds admirably in portraying the savagery of combat and the courage of the Marines in Korea.
Ed Crews

Like Lions They Fought: The Zulu War and the Last Black Empire in South Africa, by Robert B. Edgerton; Free Press-Macmillan; Collier Macmillan; 1988; \$22.95.

Books about colonial wars tend to have a short shelf life, not so much because the relevant facts are in dispute as because prevailing social attitudes about the whole colonial enterprise have changed so rapidly and profoundly over the past half-century or so. And the issues involved are about as loaded—both emotionally and ideologically—as issues can get.

Where old writers spoke of civilization and savagery, new writers tend to speak of racist oppressors and their victims. Under the new dispensation, the heroes have become the villains, and the villains the heroes; but writers of both schools have been alike, to the extent that they conform to such paradigms, in demonizing the parties of whom they disapprove.

Robert B. Edgerton, in his *Like Lions They Fought: The Zulu Empire and the Last Black Empire in South Africa*, falls victim to no such easy simplifications. He imagines that the novelty of his book lies in its sympathetic portrayal of the Zulus. In an historical sense he may be right; his study is noticeably, if not greatly, more sympathetic to Cetshwayo and his warriors than Donald R. Morris' *The Washing of the Spears*, the standard popular work on the subject, first published in 1965.

Compared with more recent studies in like fields, however, the novelty of Edgerton's book lies elsewhere—it lies in his equally sympathetic portrayal of the Zulu's British opponents. The war itself, he suggests, was on Britain's part aggressive, wrong-headed and unjust. But that does not mean, in Edgerton's eyes, that every British soldier who fought in Zululand is worthy of contempt. And something else besides his magnanimity sets Professor Edgerton's work apart: Unlike many academics, Edgerton believes there is such a thing as martial virtue. He unabashedly admires courage, wherever displayed, and on his reckoning, both Zulus and Britons displayed courage in abundant measure in 1879—at Isandlwana, at Rorke's Drift, at Holbani, at Ulundi, and many other battle sites.

To top things off, Edgerton writes beautifully, with an understated, wry sense of humor. All told, few works of popular history are as fast-moving and engaging as *Like Lions They Fought*.

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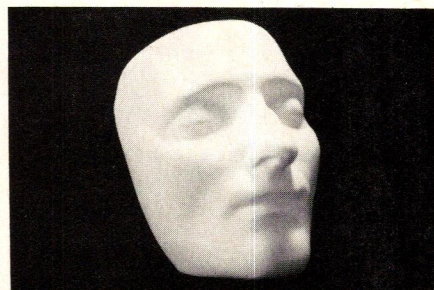
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roundabout route to Newport and give it to either Charles Dudley, Royal collector of customs, or to the Tory merchant and ship owner George Rome. In Newport, however, the girl went to a bakery owned by Godfrey Wenwood, whose mistress she had once been, and asked him how to locate the two men. Wenwood, anxious to get rid of her before his fiancée showed up, told her to leave the letter with him—he'd deliver it to one of the men.

Wenwood saw that the letter was addressed to one of Gage's staff officers. A patriot himself, he decided not to forward it. After wondering what was in it, he then showed it to his friend, schoolmaster Adam Maxwell. Maxwell broke the seal and found three pages filled with mysterious characters. The two men took the letter to Henry Ward, patriot secretary of Rhode Island, who told Wenwood to take it to General Nathaniel Greene, commander of Rhode Island troops, in Cambridge. Greene rushed to General Washington's headquarters with the letter and Wenwood. It was still not known who had written the letter.

After one quick glance at it, Washington stormed "Treason!" Things moved fast after that. Three men who were "somewhat acquainted with ciphering" were put to work, and the girl—"the infamous hussy"—who had left the letter with Wenwood was arrested. She refused for days to say who had given it to her. Then General Washington received two separate deciphers; the two versions agreed perfectly. The letter was crammed with military information: details on American troop strength, including the number of colonial soldiers in Philadelphia; strategic military plans; reports on artillery, including exact figures on the artillery at Kingsbridge, N.Y., ammunition supplies, rations and recruiting.

The girl was told about the deciphering and informed that the penalty for giving information to the enemy was death. She cried that she knew nothing of the letter's contents, only that it had been given to her by Dr. Benjamin Church! Everyone present was astounded, unbelieving.

Washington's Council of War unanimously decided that Dr. Benjamin Church had been caught in "criminal correspondence with the enemy." One article of the army regulations adopted by Congress the previous June provided that any person guilty of espionage should be punished as directed by a court-martial. The generals at first thought Church could be tried and hanged! Then, closer examination of the

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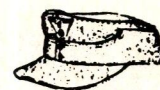
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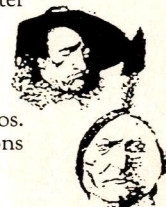
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Articles of the Continental Army revealed one that limited the punishment for treason to cashiering ("dismissal in disgrace") and either the loss of two months' pay or 39 lashes. The patriots in the Continental Congress had not considered the possibility of such an offense as Church's.

There was nothing that could be done, except to keep Church in jail on and on, by one means and then another, the legality of his confinement also questionable. To begin with, the Continental Congress had ordered "the dangerous doctor" kept in a Connecticut prison under the careful supervision of the Governor, Jonathan Trumbull, a staunch patriot; Trumbull had put Church in severe confinement.

In January 1776, Trumbull allowed Church to have pen, ink and paper just long enough to write to the Continental Congress. In that letter, Church claimed to have asthma which, he said, was threatening his life. Not long after that, he was moved elsewhere. There was little question about setting him free—indignant patriots had already said they would lynch him if he were not kept confined.

Finally, late in 1777, the now despised doctor was exiled to the West Indies under pain of death if he should return. He sailed on a small schooner commanded by a Captain Smithwick. Neither Benjamin Church, Captain Smithwick, nor the schooner was ever heard of again.

The strangest mystery relating to Dr. Church has to do with his wife—or wives. As a young doctor, when he returned to America after studying at London Medical College, he had brought with him a young English wife named Hannah Hill.

Then, in 1775, when Church, just 41 years old, was exposed as a British informer, a "Mrs. Church, abandoned by the doctor," turned up near or in Boston. Her first name is unknown, although she became part of the Church investigation because she reported that her house had been broken into and everything in it destroyed.

Reportedly, she later found enough money to flee to England. In 1778, Dr. Church's "widow" in England successfully applied to the King for a pension as the widow of a loyalist, claiming that her husband had been imprisoned for service rendered to the British Crown. The petition applying for the pension was signed "Sarah Church."

The saddest figure connected to the Church affair was an aging Boston preacher, Dr. Church's father. The father paid his son's expenses during the entire period of his imprisonment and never ceased to stoutly maintain that his son was no traitor. □

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GENERAL OF THE ARMY... DOUGLAS MacARTHUR The Landing at Inchon, Korea, September 15, 1950

By Michael Gnatek, Jr., S.A.H.A.

While Marine Corsairs strafe and bomb and U.S. Marine troops storm across the beaches of Inchon, Korea, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur stands on the bridge of the flagship U.S.S. Mount McKinley, directing one of the most brilliant amphibious operations ever to be launched in military history.

In June of 1950, the North Korean army had crossed the 38th Parallel, driving the South Korean and Allied troops all the way to Pusan at the very southern tip of the peninsula, where they held on until help could arrive. General MacArthur, Commander of the UN forces, planned an ingenious "end-run" around the enemy, by landing at Inchon harbor in the North Korean rear. Because of the abnormal tides of the region, the invasion had to take place on September 15th — the only day when tides would permit maneuverability of warships. Precisely at 0630, the U.S. Marines swept in from the Yellow Sea to face forty thousand North Korean troops. They steadfastly advanced across the beaches to capture Inchon, bolstered by Allied reinforcements who had landed with the afternoon high tide. MacArthur's strategy proved victorious. Two days later, the Allies liberated Seoul, cut enemy supply lines and, eventually, drove the North Koreans back beyond the 38th Parallel.

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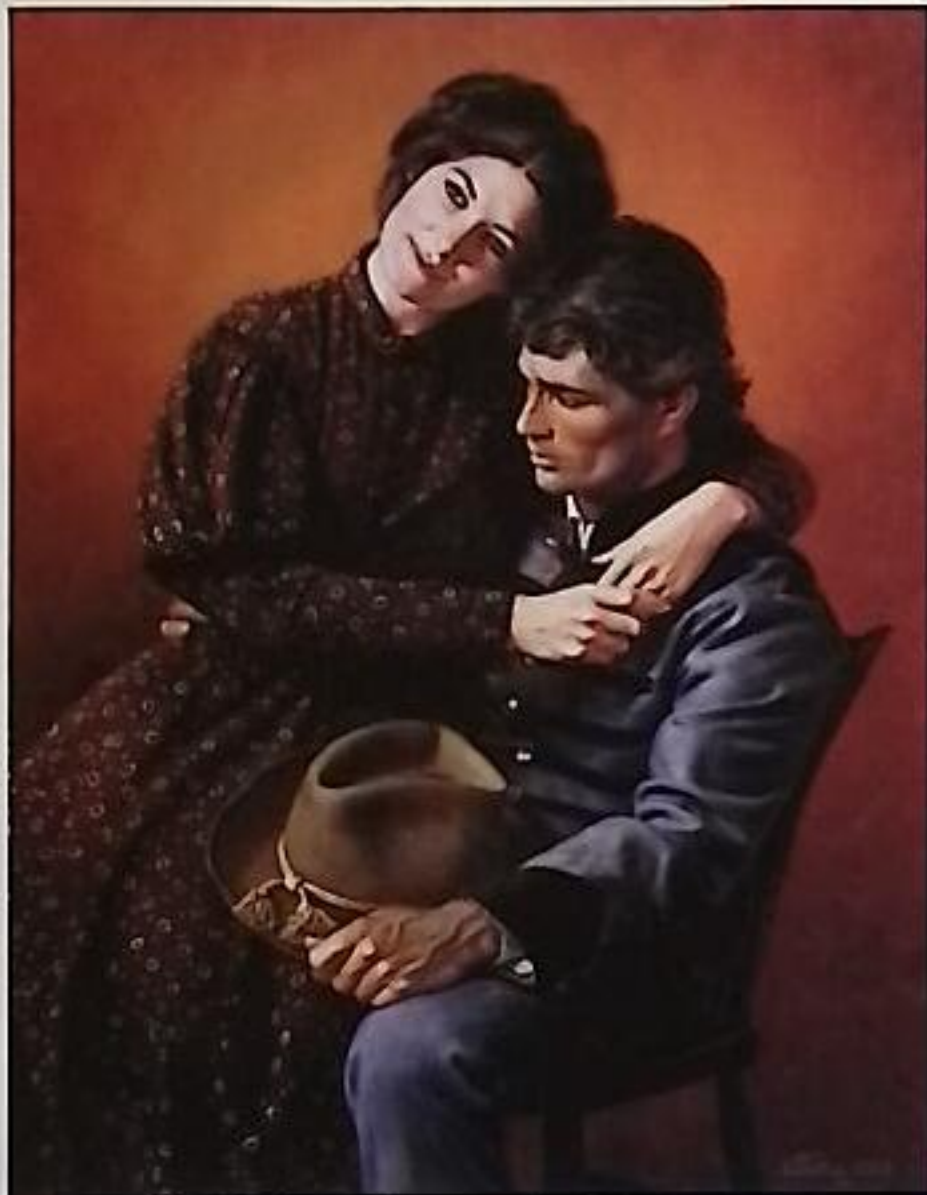
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